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# The SPHERE

Vol. CXXV. No. 1628 APRIL 4, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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THE SPHERE

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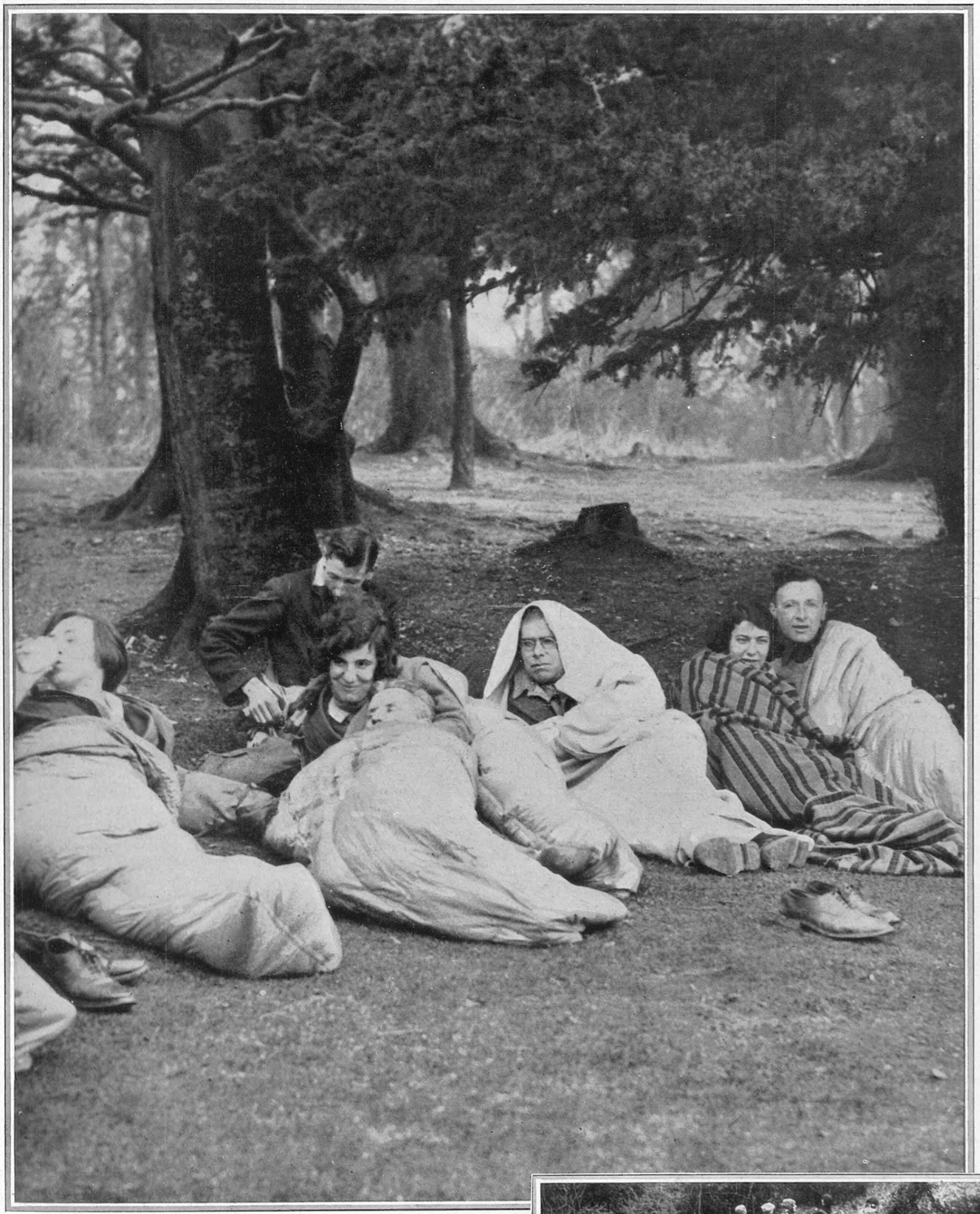
**The Empire's Illustrated Weekly** Volume CXXV No. 1628 Price One Shilling, Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d. } London, April 4, 1931



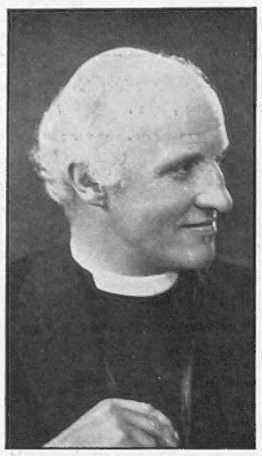
# The CALL of the great OUT-DOORS

The latest development in the great increase of "hiking" that has spread all over England in the past few years is the fashion of sleeping out. Parties bearing flea bags and blankets, provisions, and, on occasion, even gramophones and wireless sets, throng the slopes of the Surrey hills with the approach of clement weather, walking all day and resting by night. The Easter holiday, despite the cold snap that preceded it, offered an opportunity for alfresco activity of which the young public fully availed itself.

# A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, April 1, 1931.

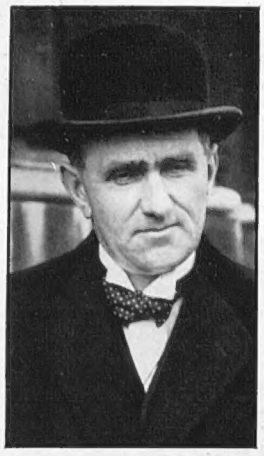
**Easter on the Road.**—This Easter holiday will put to the test the value of a year of propaganda on road decency and sanity, and on the citizen's duty to respect the rights of others and the common heritage of rural beauty. It will test also Mr. Morrison's road code, Mr. Morrison's motor patrols, and Mr. Morrison's traffic commissioners. We have learned by bitter experience that there is a large section of the British public whom no amount of polite propaganda can touch. Nothing but punishment and fines can touch their brutish hearts through their pockets. They will leave as usual on the face of the country their blazed trails of blackened gorse, broken bottles, and greasy paper. They will play havoc with human life on the roads, and destroy private property and all living things that come their way. The land is ripe for such destruction.



THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY: The Very Rev. Hewlett Johnson, M.A., B.Sc., D.D., who has just been appointed—one of the few clerics who holds a degree in science

THE QUEEN OF VAMPS! Mlle Marlene Dietrich, who is visiting London. She holds the throne in dynastic succession to Theda Bara and Pola Negri

AT A SOCIETY WEDDING: Lord Lanesborough holds Miss Felicity Heygate, bridesmaid at the wedding of Mr. F. C. O. Valentine and Lady Freda Butler

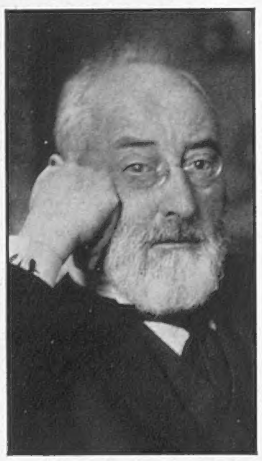


LORD PRIVY SEAL: Mr. Thomas Johnston, Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Scotland, appointed in succession to the late Mr. Vernon Hartshorn

**The Cause comes first.**—The most cheerful news item of last week was undoubtedly the "exchange of letters" between Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Beaverbrook. This we may take to mean that Righteousness and Truth (in the persons of Mr. B and Lord B) have kissed each other, and the Conservative Party will have the *Daily Express*, *Evening Standard* and other best-sellers behind it henceforth. If you ever heard the words "Press dictation" and "Gutter Press" snarled out, forget them. It is quite easy to forget—even Lord Rothermere has been forgotten. It was all just a nightmare. Comes the Dawn.

**Cawnpore.**—Cawnpore last week reminded us of the ill-omen attached to its name. It was the scene of brutal, senseless rioting and murder, the undying fire of Moslem-Hindu animosity fanned into flame. British-trained troops were rushed to the spot in the time-honoured manner. And what (ask the diehards) if in response to the demands of a tiny minority of extremists the Legions had been withdrawn? It is surely a foretaste of those scenes of blood and rapine which will disintegrate India once the firm hand of the British Raj is withdrawn. Well, as I have so often reiterated, I hold the view that in social evolution no ditch however deep can stem the rush of the Gaderene swine. Your die-hard must stand aside and cry out to the vanishing herd, "Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin." Rather I take what comfort I may from such horrors as this last one at Cawnpore. It falls aptly. It gives food for thought to Congress extremists. It may suggest the wisdom of moderating demands and piping a milder tune. It may well have favourable repercussions on the next all-India conferences. It alters no whit my opinion of the statesmanship of Lord Irwin. I only pray that the *Viceroy of India* will take the ex-Viceroy aboard before worse befall. Lord Irwin has done his work and no man could have done it better. Cawnpore proves nothing that everyone did not fully appreciate.

**A Parochial Premier.**—Mr. Lang will go down to history as the Bumble among the Empire's prime ministers. His cosmos is the village, his golden calf the parish pump. He cannot see beyond his own back yard. In announcing that the State of New South Wales would not meet the interest due on its London loans on April 1, he planned an April foolery on a grand scale and is like to be hoist with his own petard. He gave an impetus to the movement for secession in New South Wales, and may soon find himself crowing in a minor key, an insecure cockerel on a diminished dunghill. But perhaps I have dipped my pen in vitriol. I felt so safe when I elected to lay up my nest egg in that secure and capacious basket, recommended for the use of widows and orphans, labelled "Dominion and Colonial Stocks." It remained to test the value of the Dominion guarantee and the force of public opinion in Australia. The test was satisfactory.



REQUIESCANT—The late Mr. Tim Healy, ever an ardent Republican with the bitter wit of his race. He was the first Governor-General of the Irish Free State

**Tim Healy.**—I am faced with a difficulty which always arises when a notable and typical Irishman dies. I can make no sort of a hand at an obituary notice. The sympathy, the understanding is wanting. I do not wonder if Ireland keeps stored away in an outhouse an image of the typical Englishman, dry, precise, smug, orderly, conventional, hard, grasping. The complexities of the typical Irishman are beyond the understanding of an average Englishman. So with Tim Healy. He was lovable, affectionate, kindhearted, witty, companionable to a marked degree. The charm and sunshine of his private character could warm and melt an Englishman who felt them; but the vanity, the animosity, the bitter and blind and unreasoning hatred not of individuals but of men in bulk, the fierce jealousy, the bombast, the juggernaut recklessness, are characteristics irreconcilable with the picture of a normal, genial man. With us a man is thin-skinned or pachyderm, hard or soft, genial or bitter. In Ireland he may be both.

**Arnold Bennett.**—Week after week we had grown familiar with the announcement that Arnold Bennett was getting through an attack of influenza. As the weeks grew to months, we began to wonder what sort of influenza was this that kept a healthy man in bed week after week. Mr. Bennett's death as we now know was the result of typhoid contracted in France. Arnold Bennett was sixty-three years old. A consideration of the principal dates in his life's history effectively reveal the nature of the man. He was thirty-three before he crossed the rubicon into the realms of literature-as-a-career. He was forty-two before he produced his masterpiece, *The Old Wives' Tale*. After the publication of *Riceyman Steps* in his fifty-seventh year, most people thought his career as a novelist was finished. One felt that he was entitled to enjoy the handsome fortune he had won by sheer industry and that he meant to do so in the way that best suited him. He would become an ardent "first-nighter," an arbiter of taste in novels, a free lance journalist with a golden nib and an easy style, a shrewd, business-like dilettante. And then this year (aetate sua sixty-three) the dilettante gave us all that vast experience of hotel life and management (to acquire which had been his chief hobby) in a novel of stupendous length which, by keeping inspiration alive to the last page and otherwise satisfying the conditions that must be observed to make a masterpiece, will be judged by posterity as a classic of a kind. Mr. Bennett, like his famous card, Denry, always kept a shot in his locker, and *Imperial Palace* was certainly a most unexpected trump. He must henceforth be named with William de Morgan and a very small band of novelists who have preserved the good wine of their genius to the latter part of the feast. Few men have so happily combined literary and business proficiency.

**Nolo Episcopari.**—There is nothing very new in the unwillingness recently expressed by Lady Russell to assume a hereditary title. I have in my possession dozens of letters signed "Henry Brougham" and all written after Brougham had become a peer. Then there was Lord Selborne, whose distress at being forced to assume the handicaps of a hereditary peerage became sufficiently public to be "noticed" in *Punch* in a famous bathing-machine cartoon. Lady Passfield prefers to remain famous as Mrs. Sidney Webb, and nearly all the Labour Party deplore the necessity for a "quota" in the Upper House and, wherever possible, a bachelor is selected for the duty. It is easy to understand the disappointment of a rising M.P. who is forced suddenly to abandon a promising political career by succession to a peerage. It is less easy to sympathize with those who resent the assumption of a hereditary title in the belief that a change of name will "damage their goodwill" or "increase their overhead." If a man or woman deserves fame, he or she will be remembered and admired under any change of name. Lord Birkenhead may have lost political opportunities by the assumption of a peerage, but no one forgot that Lord Birkenhead was F. E. Smith. As for the idea that prices are raised against a title, that I think is bunkum. A man is a weak character or a snob who submits to such impositions.

**Two Distinct Problems.**—The "problem of the Lords" is not one but two. The Second Chamber question is one thing. The problem of hereditary titles is another, at first sight trivial by comparison but none the less of constitutional importance. For it cannot be denied that a hereditary sovereign needs to be bolstered up with a hereditary aristocracy. With a Royal Family such as we are lucky enough to possess, we can find no alternative so good for figure head of a democratic constitution. But if our hereditary aristocracy is suffered to decay, a hereditary sovereignty becomes like a crown placed on the headless trunk of a modiste's figure. For the moment, a hereditary aristocracy is a part of the constitution, and the ancient maxim "noblesse oblige" should still bind those unfortunates who are caught up in the system. It has its faults, and the disadvantages of possessing a hereditary title have come largely to outweigh the advantages. But the same is true of representing a constituency in Parliament. To refuse to assume a title except on state occasions is like refusing to pay income tax except when business is good, or like infringing the speed limit in the park because you think a speed-limit a foolish imposition. There should be a penalty attached to refusal by a peer to be known by his title, a penalty for betraying the constitution, a penalty for failing in citizenship.

—IN PACE
The late Mr. Arnold Bennett, the "English Balzac" and the famous delineator of the industrial Midlands, who died of typhoid last week

**Easy Money.**—Much as I detest our official hypocrisy in the matter of gambling, that lack of logic and humour which makes us ridiculous, I detest far more these huge prizes from lotteries. Bridge points should be regulated to a scale which gives a mild pleasure in success and no great concern in ill-fortune. And so with lotteries. No prize should exceed £1,000, or such sum as will not interfere with the manner of life of the lucky ones.

To endow a small tradesman with a quarter million pounds is to sign the death warrant of his happiness. A man whose gifts are so moderate that he cannot build up a competence by his industry will be too frail to support sudden wealth.

The records of big lottery prize winners form one of the most tragic chapters in social history, and employers view with concern the loss of business efficiency in the days preceding the draw of a huge lottery.

If I were prætor I would regulate lotteries as I have indicated. The hospitals will come to regret them.

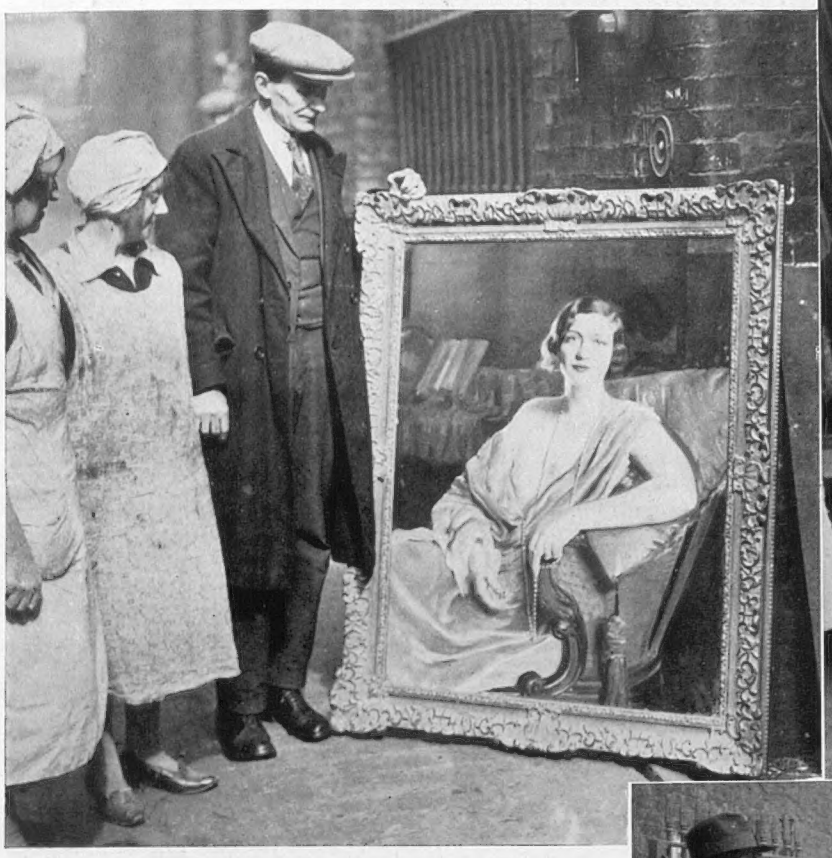
**After the Levée.**—There appeared last week in *The Times* a brilliant suggestion, conceived by Mr. Laurence Jones, that officers after the Levée should show off their splendours in the children's hospitals. It takes an officer a full hour to prepare himself for thirty seconds in the presence of his Sovereign; another half-hour to decant himself and resume mufti. These splendid uniforms, as Mr. Jones says, gladden the heart even of dingy middle-age and incredibly brighten for an hour the sombre streets of London. It is impossible to overrate the joy and thrill which a close-up of a full-blooded Major-General in scarlet regimentals, with three rows of medals and a drawn sword, would bring to a ward of sick children. That visible delight would repay a hundredfold the first agonies of shyness which invariably attack an English gentleman parading in gorgeous apparel. Mr. Jones rightly insists that the sword must be drawn and, having regard to the circumstances, I believe that even Lord Ponsonby will withhold his objections to this brutal display of militarism. For of course it is a *fait accompli*. I rank Mr. Jones's idea with Lord Baden-Powell's, with Sir Percy Fitzpatrick's, and with Mr. Willett's. And I am proud to say I had a little finger in the pie. For I was at Mr. Jones's bedside while the letter was still in draft and I overcame his diffidence about sending it to *The Times*. "For," said I, "if you don't I shall steal your idea for THE SPHERE; and if you do, I shall elaborate it for THE SPHERE." Mr. Jones's "extension of the Levée" now ranks with the Boy Scout idea, the Two Minutes' Silence, and Daylight Saving. His niche in history is secure.

THE OLD STAGER.

The Attention of the reader is especially drawn to the Easter Section in this issue

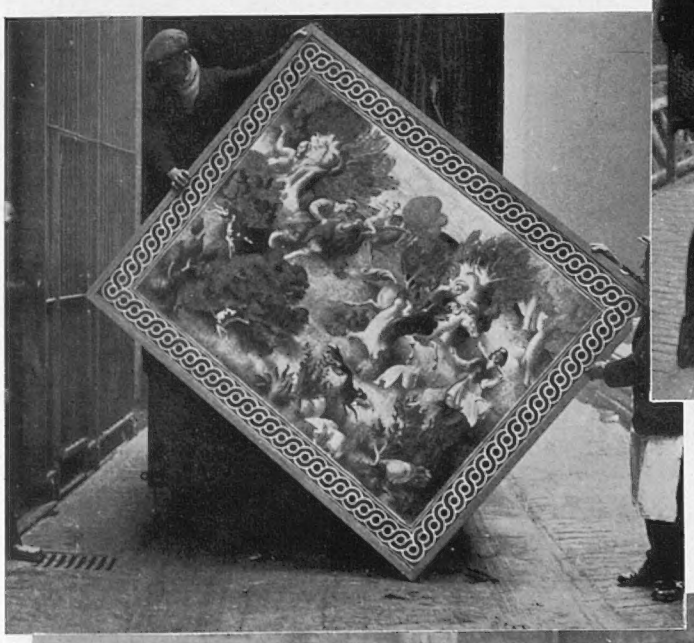
# SENDING-IN DAY

## First Arrivals at the Royal Academy



PRELIMINARY ADMIRATION: A canvas that evoked delight even in the blasé hearts of the attendants—one of the human interludes of Sending-in Day

OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: A considerable canvas submitted on that occasion of hopes and fears, agony and anticipation, that goes by the prosaic, if informative, name of "Sending-in Day"



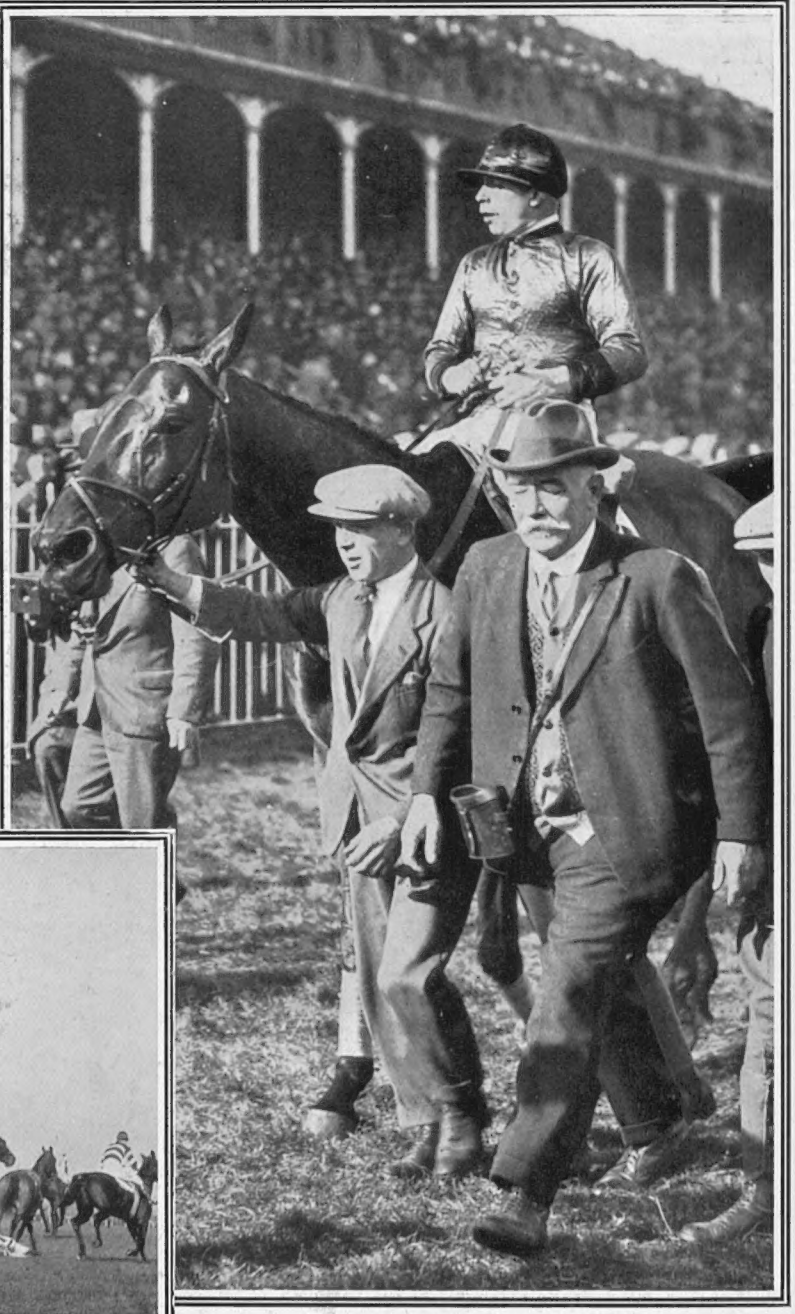
THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE communes with the enthusiasm of youth in the portals of Burlington House

BOHEMIAN: The days and manners of Trilby and *les jeunes* are, it is believed by many, overpast, but a greater knowledge shows that they still exist in artistic circles

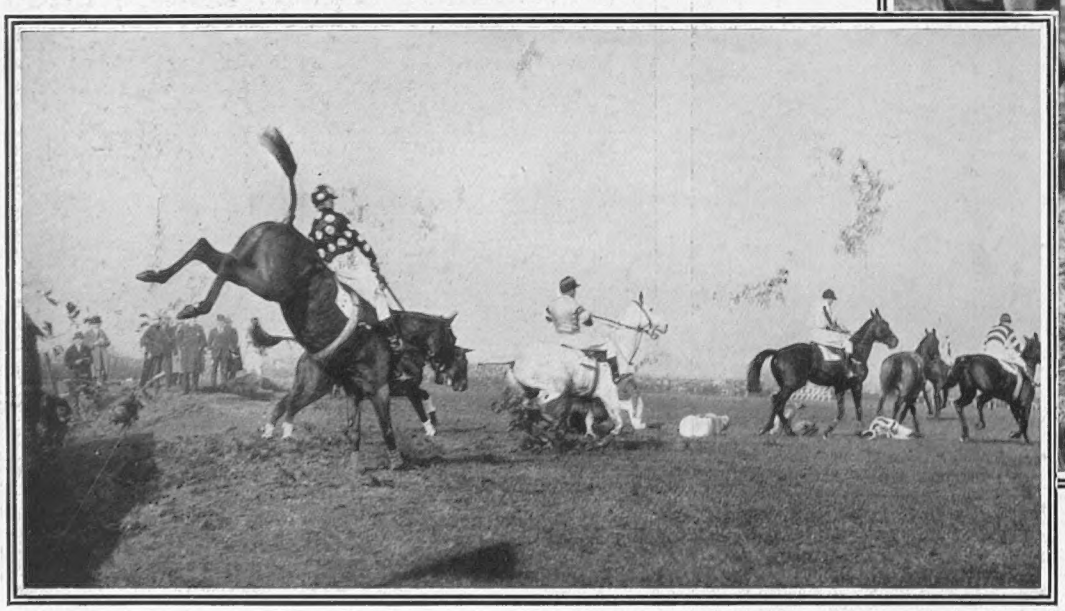
THE UNOFFICIAL UNVEILING! A canvas uncovered in the fatal passage along which pass all works of art for the R.A. *Inset above*—MODERN SCHOLIASM: A canvas in a very original border depicting some forest allegory

NO DEFAULTERS: The first jump in the Grand National. The greatest of the steeplechases this year was marred by the death of two horses—Swift Rowland and Drin. Out of forty-three entries only a dozen horses finished. Easter Hero fell at Becher's Brook

FORTUNE'S FAVOURITES: Signore and Signora Scala, the coffee-stall owners of Battersea, who won nearly £200,000 in the Irish Sweep although they sold half their ticket



THE WINNER: Grakle (R. Lyall up), who won, at his fifth attempt, by a length and a half from Gregalach



THE DEATH TRAP: The scene at Becher's Brook where so many hopes annually come to grief. The placed horses, in order, were Grakle, Gregalach, Annandale, Rhyticere. Harewood was last. The winner was priced at 100-6; the second at 25-1; and the third, a rank outsider, at 100-1

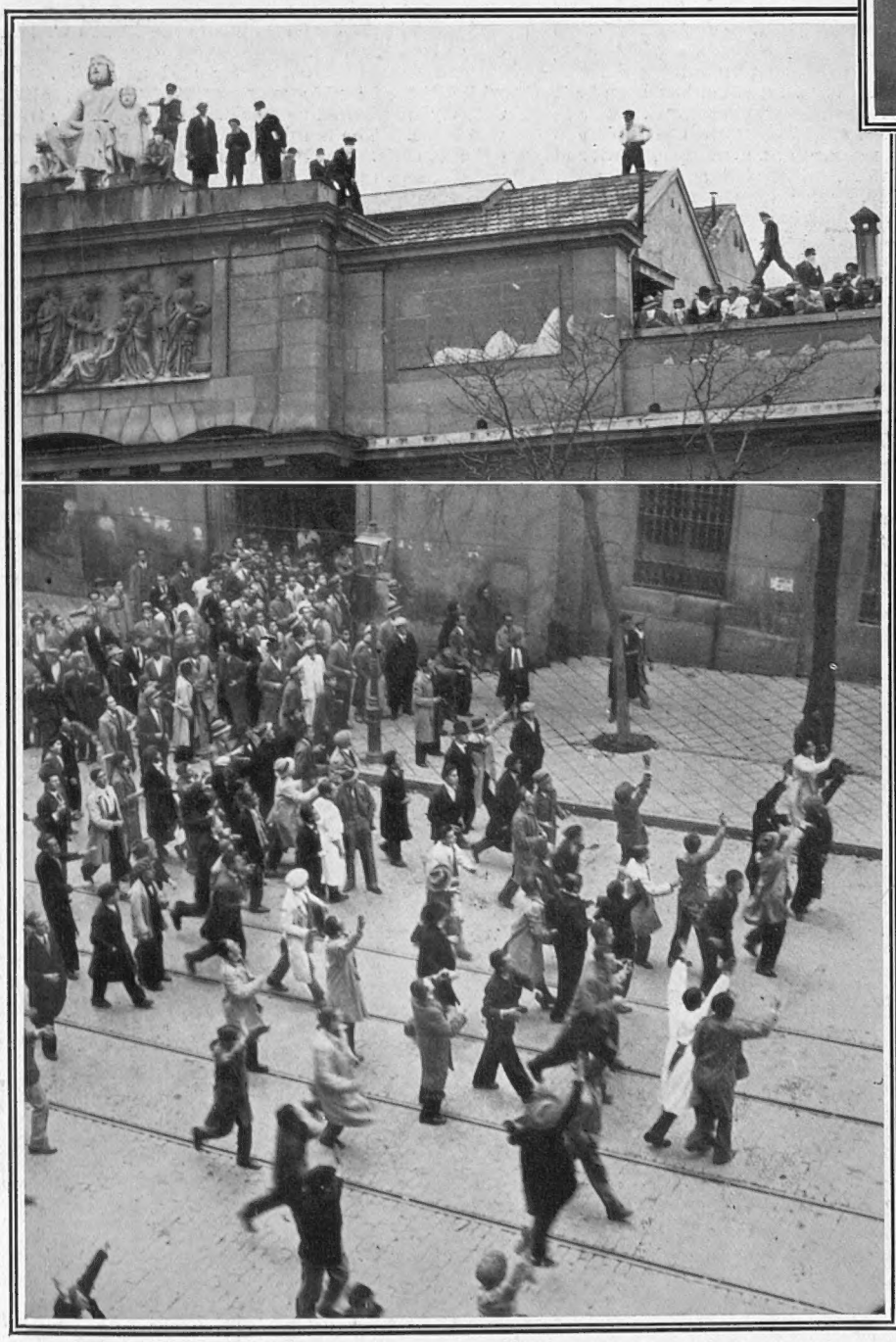
# GRAKLE WINS *the* GRAND NATIONAL

# NEWS *from* THREE CAPITALS

## *Happenings in Buenos Aires, Madrid, and Berlin*

*THE PRINCE OF "SALES"! T.R.H. the Prince of Wales and Prince George went round the grounds of the great Exhibition at Buenos Aires in the peculiar conveyance seen above before the official opening on March 15*

*THE ROYAL DEMOCRAT: The Prince of Wales, smiling over his cigar, helps Senhor Bosch, the Argentine Foreign Minister, on with his coat after watching a boxing match*



*THE TROUBLED COUNTRY: A composite picture of the disturbances in Madrid when students from the Medical College of the University tore down a portrait of King Alfonso and burned it in the street, subsequently stoning the police and civic guards, who were forced to fire on them. Tiles were hurled from roofs*

*PRESERVING ORDER IN BERLIN: The great Stahlhelm organization's demonstration was in grave danger of developing into an unseemly brawl owing to Communist activities—for the two parties are the extreme right and extreme left of German political thought. Additional police were on duty—some of them mounted—and batons were used to maintain civic decorum*

# THE WOMEN OF INDIA:

## The Part they Play in the Present Situation and the Difficulty of Penetrating the Veil which Hides the Homelife of the Peninsula

By SHELLAND BRADLEY

This is a brief sketch of the Indian woman from an Englishman's point of view. It may well be asked what can an Englishman, however long he may have lived in India, know of the subject? The days of Job Charnock are past, when there being few or no white women in India and the journey home occupying six months or more, the Englishman in India took to himself a woman of the country as wife in all but name. Evil as the system was, there can be little doubt that it brought those early pioneers into touch with Indian life and thought in an intimate way that has been denied to later generations. It taught them the language, that great stumbling block to understanding between East and West and it did much to bridge the gulf that the purdah system has added to divide the races in thought and interest. Other European pioneers intermarried so freely with the native population that they eventually lost their identity, becoming themselves semi-Indianized in character, thought, and outlook. It was the great achievement of the early English settlers that while they mixed freely with the Indian population, gaining its confidence and admiration, they never lost their own individuality or nationality.

To-day the European in India sees little or nothing of the Indian woman apart from the few of the middle and upper classes who have discarded the purdah. What influence does the average Indian woman have upon her menkind, upon their outlook on life and their attitude towards the burning questions of the day? It is a question I have often been asked, and one that it is difficult for an Englishman, although he has spent thirty years in India, to answer. Yet, as one in charge of a district, coming into daily contact with all sorts and conditions of men, one could not fail to catch glimpses of things behind the scenes, illuminating little touches that told one something of the character of the Indian woman, and the position she holds in the home life among her men-folk.

There can be little question that the woman is an important factor in Indian life to-day. Unseen for the most part, closely veiled behind the purdah, she wields an often unchallenged authority within the limits of her seclusion and an immense influence on the thoughts and actions of her menfolk without it. It is a curious position that she occupies. In one sense she dominates, in another she counts as nothing. The ordering of the house, the sweeping, the polishing and the cooking are entirely her province. The average Indian man takes but the smallest interest in domestic details. He has little idea of home comforts. He asks little in the way of culinary art. The same dishes are served with but little variation, curry, rice, sweetmeats.

The rich man, unless he has adopted Western standards, feeds much as his poorer neighbour. An extremely wealthy Rajah once told me with pride that his food cost him but twelve annas (a shilling) a day. So the Indian woman needs no cookery-class education. The simple, time-honoured dishes that she has seen prepared from her earliest years suffice. But although she is supreme in domestic affairs she occupies a subordinate position in her husband's presence. According to Indian custom the wife does not eat with her husband. She cooks his meals and waits upon him but she does not sit down with him. She has her own meals afterwards and apart. She is unmistakably a subordinate being, the keeper of his house and the mother of his children. He is the lord and master. If she is a good wife she confines her personal attention almost entirely to the house. She belongs exclusively to her man. There is no necessity for her to go outside her home and no interests to call her from domestic duties. If she does go out her face must not be seen by any man. Though this rigorous seclusion is now relaxing and though one does constantly see the lower class woman about the streets, there are few who will not instinctively draw their saris across their faces as they pass a stranger.

Even to-day one does not speak to an Indian about his womenfolk. They must never be mentioned. One knows an Indian quite intimately, yet one does not in the least know if he has a wife living within the inner quarters of his house, which if one does occasionally enter one never penetrates farther than the first room or courtyard. Only occasionally is even the English Memsahib asked within. It is a tremendous barrier to social intercourse between East and West. One never sees the Indian in the setting of his own home life. To the Englishman he is a thing apart from it. It is difficult to picture one's Indian friends or one's office staff in the family circle. One has no real conception of what that family circle is like.

It is only occasionally that the curtain lifts and one gains a brief glimpse of what lies behind. The simplicity of Eastern compared with Western home life is one's first impression. The educated Indian may have Western furniture in his reception-room or office, but within the inner apartments there is usually nothing in the way of chairs or tables or the many little things of use or ornament that fill a Western house. The Indian still for the most part prefers to sit cross-legged on the floor or on a low raised platform and to take his meals so seated. The Indian woman is not yet accustomed to chairs and tables or even to beautiful clothes except among the upper classes. The ordinary Indian woman is clad in a white sari, with sometimes a bright coloured shawl round her shoulders. It is only on great occasions or among the rich that the gorgeous saris so often depicted, but so comparatively seldom seen, are worn. The Indian woman as a rule has neither beautiful clothes nor a beautiful house to occupy her thoughts. She does not often read. She is usually illiterate. She has few amusements. Except in the big towns there are none in which she can take part. It is not to be wondered at if she seizes upon the one outlet for her energies and indulgies in much talk. Gossip is the great recreation and it is indulged in ceaselessly, morning, noon and night. Rumour runs with uncanny swiftness in India, and it is a common saying that events are known behind the purdah before they happen.

Does the Indian woman fall in love as her sister in the West does, is another question often asked. There can again be little question that as a general rule she does not. Her whole attitude towards life is so utterly different. Her attitude towards men is different. She is married at so early an age that life is mapped out for her without any choice of her own, before she is capable of making a choice.

Respect for custom and tradition has been bred into her through countless generations. She is caught in the great machine before she is of age to rebel. She is married and a mother, burdened with domestic duties, while still a child herself. Age comes quickly, quenching the fires of youth. In popular Western imagination the East is passionate and hot-blooded. Love and romance figure largely in all the mythical stories of gods and goddesses. Infatuated youths and languorous maidens abound. But that love in the Western sense plays a large part in the average Indian woman's life to-day it is difficult to believe. Men themselves play so small a part in her life compared with her Western sister. Carefully guarded as a child, hemmed in by custom and tradition, married at an early age and usually a mother in her early teens, she sees but little of men before marriage. Afterwards she is practically a prisoner, seeing no men but her husband and her immediate relatives. It is the same on the man's side. The Indian sees so little of women apart from the members of his own household. He has little or no opportunity to fall in love. If the Englishman sees nothing of the inner life of an Indian household, the Indian sees little more of the inner life of any household other than his own. An Englishman's house is his castle, but the saying might be much more truly applied to the Indian. The seclusion of the Indian's house is jealously guarded. There is little in the way of entertaining, and such entertaining as is done is among men only. The idea of a lunch or dinner or tea-party on Western lines where both sexes meet is unthinkable among Indians. His house and his wife alike an Indian keeps to himself. Thus neither he nor his wife has much opportunity of falling in love.

In support of the assertion that the Indian does not fall in love to the same extent as his Western brother is the fact that in crimes of violence in India it is comparatively seldom a case of *cherchez la femme*. Into the majority of murder cases in India women do not enter. There is no question of love, jealousy, or revenge as the motive. Yet one case among the exceptions stands out prominently in my memory, partly because it was exceptional, partly because of the pathos of it A cultivator had murdered his wife. He was a man of middle age, she a girl of seventeen. There was no question about the murder. The man had made no attempt to evade arrest or to deny his guilt. He simply stood there in the dock, a fine figure of a man but with a curious dazed look in his eyes. "I did it," he said simply, when asked if he pleaded guilty or not guilty. "She was all I had and she was unfaithful to me. So I killed her. I want nothing more now. You can hang me."

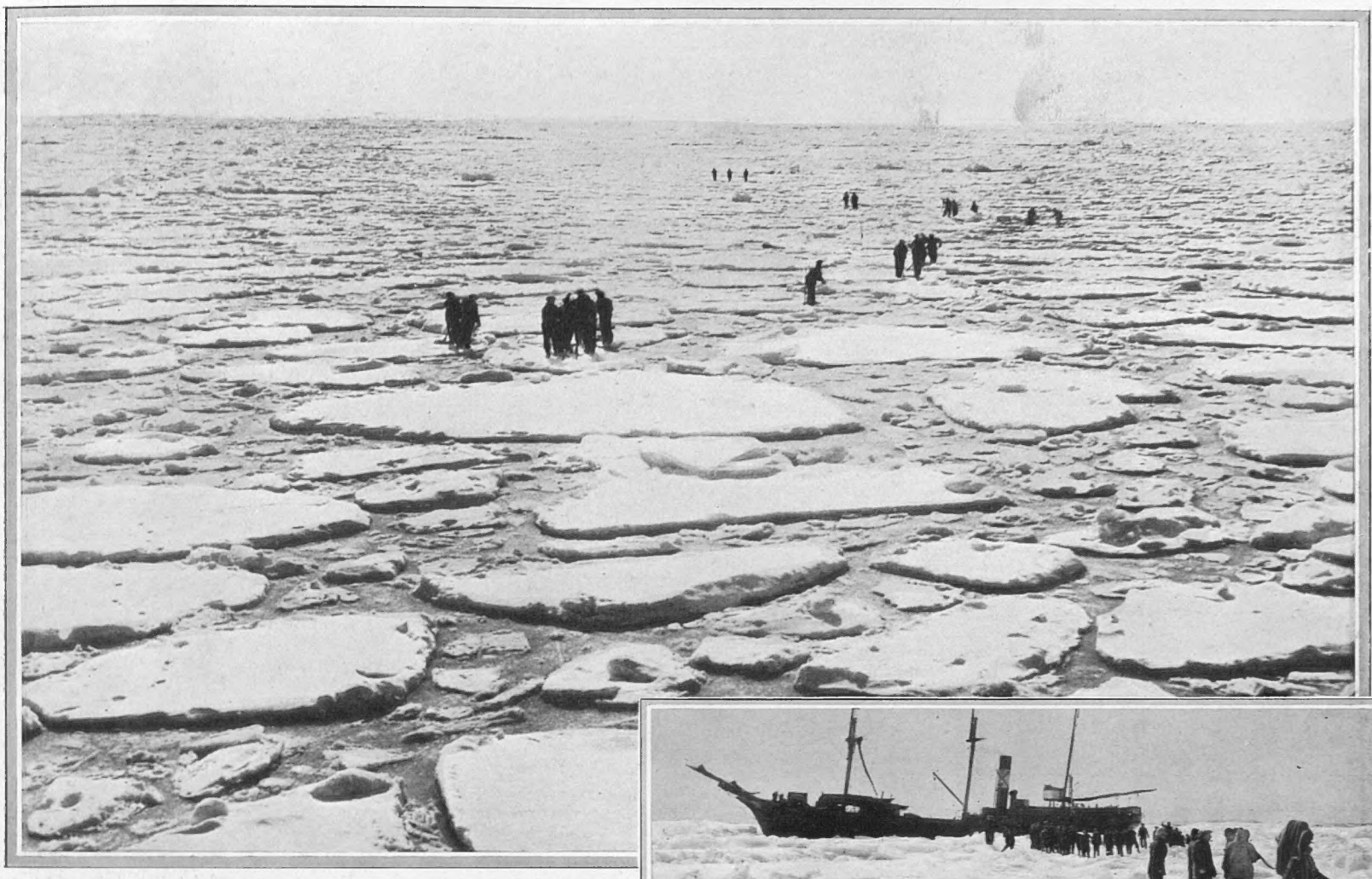
But if this article so far has given the impression that the Indian woman plays but a small part in her menfolk's life that impression must be obliterated in its concluding passages. There is one point in particular in which the Indian woman comes into her own.

The Indian respects age and authority. So while the girl wife may count for little, often entirely dominated by her mother-in-law, her time will come. The family system is the great feature of Indian life. Households often consist of several generations, often of many families living together, in separate or joint quarters, in enormous rambling houses, and it is generally one woman who rules. For his mother the Indian has the greatest respect, and his whole life is often influenced by his affection for her. She is the only woman member of his household of whom an Indian will sometimes speak. I have known many cases in which it was she with whom one had really to deal. Secure behind the purdah, such women can be a real power, managing great estates with business acumen, holding all the cards in their own hands and playing them with consummate skill. That they have played their part, too, in the political issues of recent years cannot be doubted, generally on the side of conservatism. But insidious doctrines are now being sedulously preached to the inmates behind the purdah and the issue has been joined between age-long tradition and custom on the one hand and the latest cry of modern progress on the other. Never before in all their history have the women of India been called upon to make so momentous a decision. Upon that decision hangs very largely the future of India.

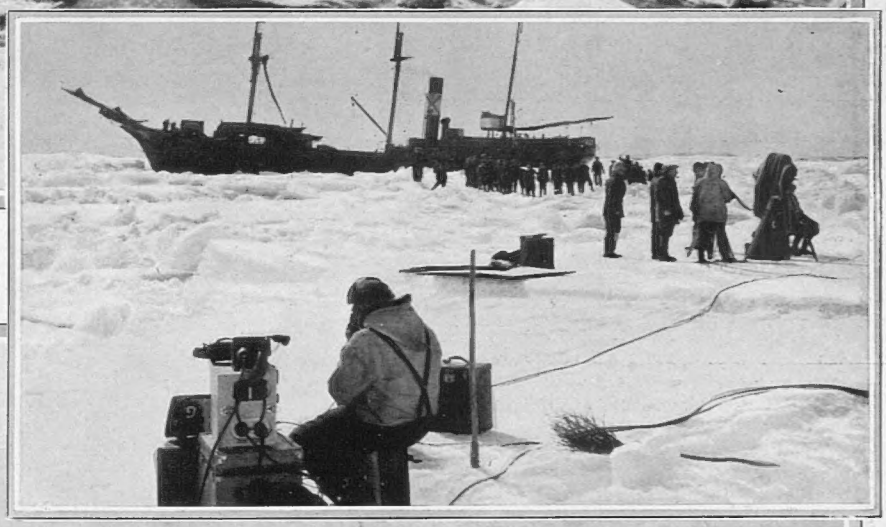
GANDHI'S MOST OBEDIENT DISCIPLE: Mrs. M. K. Gandhi who participated in the Bombay demonstration to protest against "police brutalities" in Borsad. Mrs. Gandhi is the short and ascetic figure in the centre. On her left is Mrs. K. M. Munshi, a prominent local congressite, and on her right Lady Abbas Ali Beg, a prominent Muslim

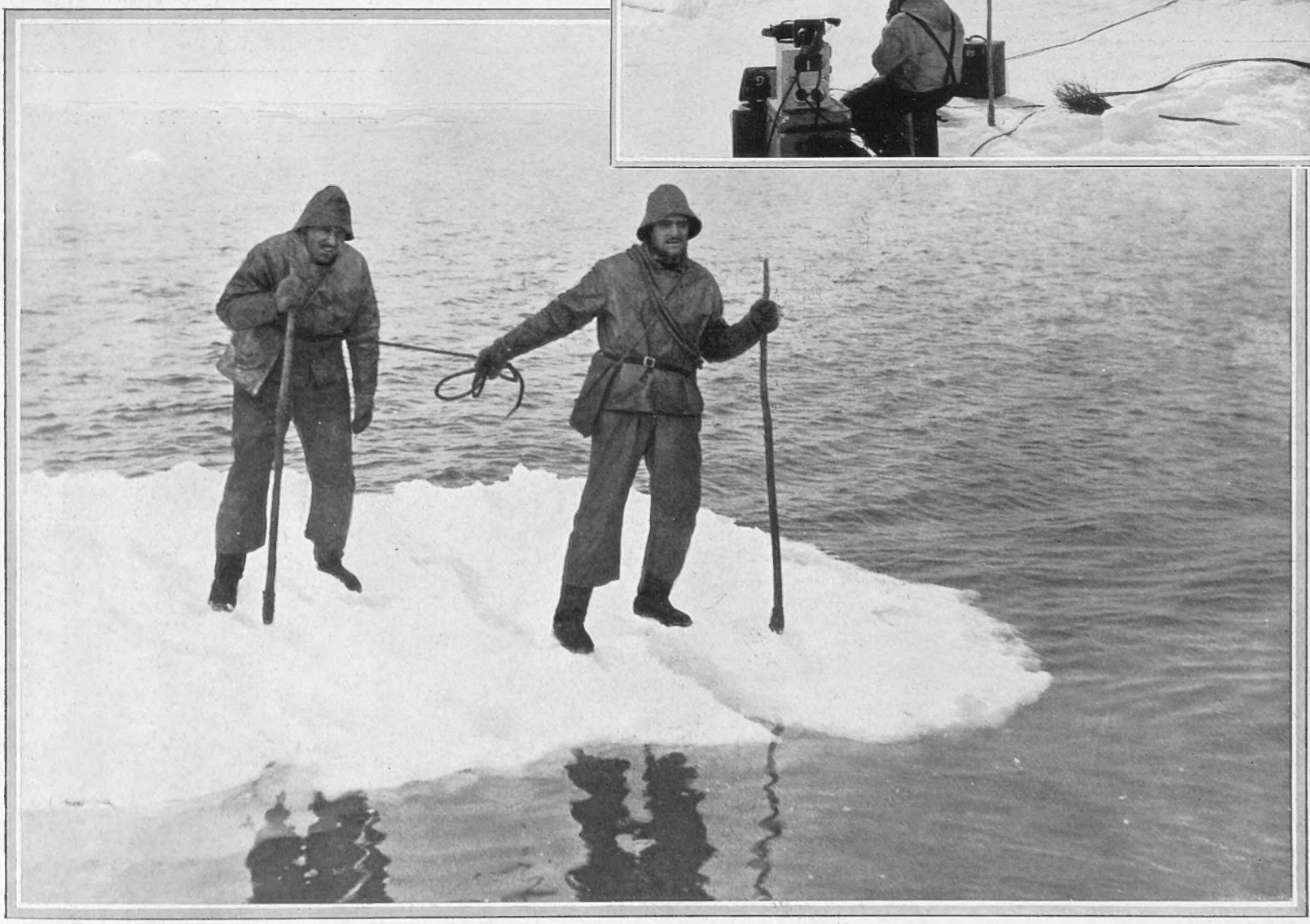
# DISASTER *on the* HIGH SEAS :

The Sealer *Viking* Blown Up While Engaged in a Warwick-Frissell Talkie Production



FILMING THE FLOES: A scene on the ice showing the conditions under which the accident to the *Viking* took place. Over such ice-choked seas were rescues made





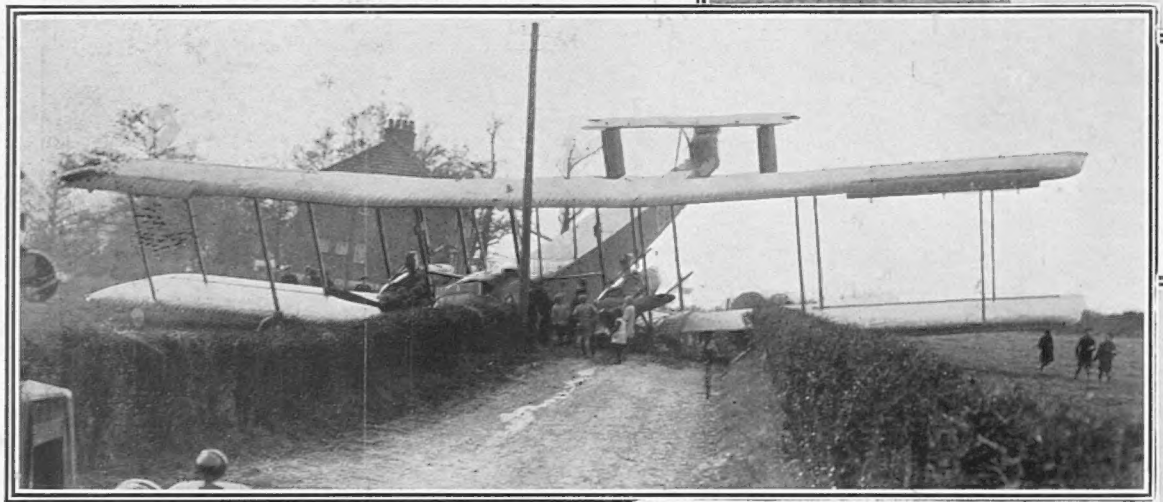
A PERILOUS AND FROZEN RESTING-PLACE: Two members of a previous Warwick-Frissell Expedition marooned on floating ice—a scene probably re-enacted during the subsequent and disastrous trip. *Inset above*—THE ARCTIC "STUDIO": The place of the disaster. Twenty-four persons were killed and scores injured when the old sealing vessel *Viking* exploded off Horse Island in White Bay, east of Newfoundland, recently. The ship, which carried 150 persons, was engaged in the making of a talking picture of the sealing industry. The disaster is said to have been caused by a spark getting to the powder carried to blast from her path the ice encountered by the *Viking*

# The LATE NEWS of the WEEK

***Told to "Sphere" Readers in Pictorial Form***

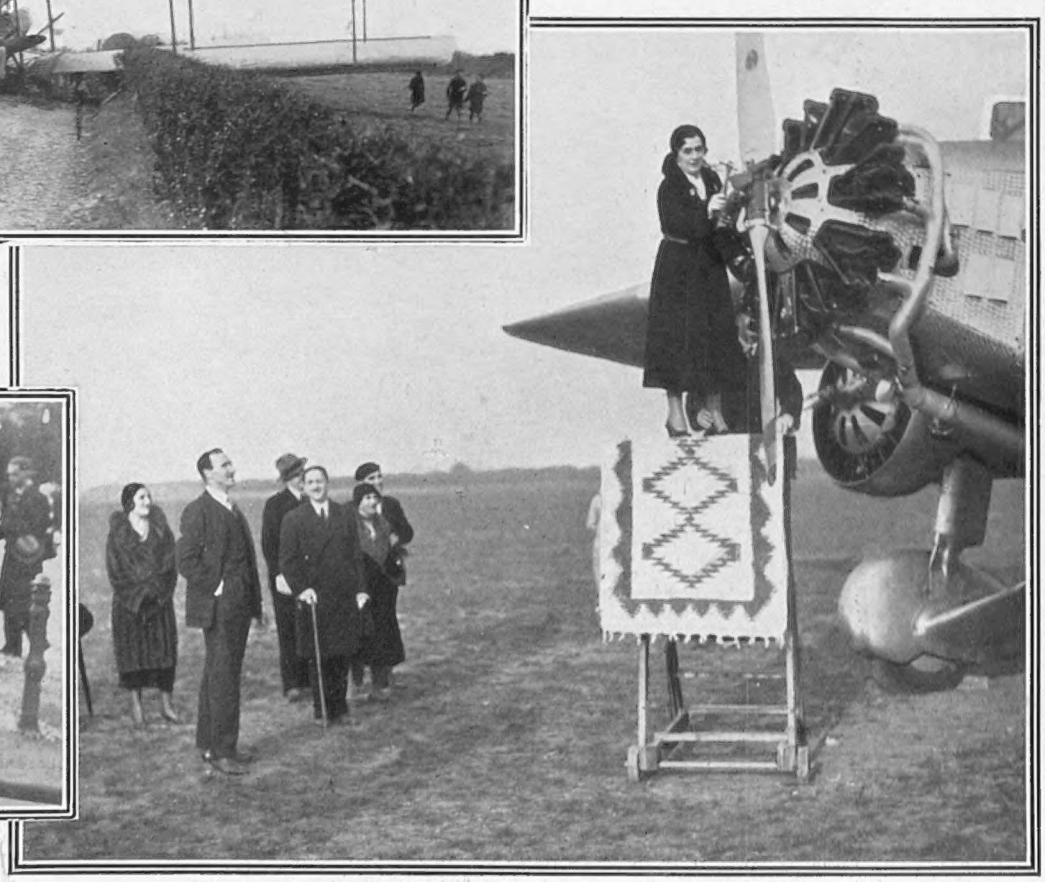
*ROYAL VISITORS: The Duke and Duchess of York chatting with a little patient at the Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney, where the Duchess opened the Princess Elizabeth Ward the other day. Top right—PARTNERS OF THE PRINCES: Miss Marion O'Neill of New York and Toronto and Miss Yvonne de Little of London, caught by the camera on arrival from Jamaica, in which island they danced with the Prince of Wales and Prince George at the dance at the Constant Springs Hotel*

*AT A POET'S PARTY: Mme. Komai gave an exhibition of poetic dancing at the party given by Mr. Komai, the writer of verse. The Japanese Ambassador, Sir Sidney and Lady Low, Mr. Epstein, and Mr. Drinkwater, were among the guests*



*BLOCKING THE ROAD: The Vickers-Virginia night-bombing R.A.F. 'plane, bound from Hawkinge to Boscombe, which crashed at Farnham last week-end. The four occupants were uninjured*

*THE PASSING OF FINLAND'S GREATEST PAINTER: Notable honour was paid to the memory of Axel Gallen-Kallela, who was also one of the great figures in Finland's war of independence in 1918 (he was A.D.C. to General Mannerheim). Four Generals—General Maimberg (in steel helmet), General Oestermann, General Oesch, and General Sihvo—carried his coffin. He ranks with Paderewski as an artist and a man of affairs*



*CHRISTENING THE 'PLANE: Of considerable interest to the flying world is the announcement that Prince Bibesco, president of the Federation Aeronautica Internationale is to commence an extensive air tour to inspect a number of famous aerodromes. Air ports as far distant as Bangkok will be visited. For this exacting trip Prince Bibesco has chosen a Ford 5-A.T. Pullman aeroplane, a three-engined machine of the type recently employed to carry the Prince of Wales over certain sections of their South American tour. Princess Bibesco is seen christening the new 'plane*

# CANADA — and the Red Man

## The Vanishing of a Once Mighty and Ubiquitous Race

By MARIUS BARBEAU

*(Ethnologist of the National Museum of Canada)*

Native races once peopled Canada from coast to coast. The Scandinavians discovered the northernmost amongst them, the Eskimos, nearly one thousand years ago and lived close to them for three centuries in their Greenland settlements. Several hundred years later—in 1534-35—the French navigator, Jacques Cartier, explored the east coast and ascended the St. Lawrence to Hochelaga (now Montreal). He found the forests of the New World peopled with various tribes who somehow became known as Red Men, though their skin was tan or brown much like that of Asiatics. These were of two kinds: the nomadic hunters without a fixed abode within ill-defined frontiers—the Algonkins; and the village-dwellers who cultivated the land and whose true name from the first was Canadian, since Kanada in their language meant town; we now call them the Iroquois and the Wyandot nations.

Not long after—about 1660—the Russians landed on the Alaskan coast, where they encountered Mongolian-like Indians and secured a foothold which they released only recently to the United States. The natives from those early years have come under the domination of the white man, bartering furs for commodities with him, resorting to his trading posts, and eagerly adapting themselves to his ways of living. There is little left now, after two or three centuries of incessant changes, of the wild tribes that once roamed naked in the virgin woodlands of the eastern watersheds, hunted the buffalo with bows and arrows on the prairies, or set salmon traps in the mountain streams of the North-West Coast. Their numbers dwindled down from the first; whole nations were wiped out by warfare and disease. Their culture, with the single exception of their languages, is now a thing of the past, and their blood for generations has become so mixed and diluted that no one among them can claim to be a thoroughbred with the least degree of probability.

THE NEW—An Indian baseball team in the far West — at Windermere, British Columbia

Most Canadians never have seen a real Indian in their lives, if indeed such a creature still exists. The half-breeds of the Maritimes, Quebec, and Ontario, are not usually noticeable when they walk our streets, dressed as they are like others. Their complexion is not darker than that of most Italians. Their handicrafts have vanished, like their other traditions, except for basket-making, moccasin, and snow-shoe making, which are now often improved with the help of modern machinery. If they still refuse the franchise and cling to their reserves, it is out of sentiment. The teachers in their Government subsidized schools are French-speaking nuns or English-speaking graduates. Their missionaries no longer bother to learn the native dialects, which are the last vestige of prehistory. The present-day Iroquois are farmers and bridge builders. Their Grand River council (in Ontario) is run in the style of a mock parliament. When they decided to claim their national independence before the League of Nations some years ago, their delegates donned feathered headdresses and trailers which they had bought from the Blackfeet of Alberta. Otherwise they would have been mistaken for ordinary Americans from the Middle West.

The Blackfoot, the Stonies, and other prairie tribes have preserved more of their individuality. But they are known mostly for their casual appearances in stampedes and parades for the benefit of western fairs. Their war paint and regalia belong to the circus. The tourist and sightseer alone are responsible for their survival. After the appearance of the Buffalo, about 1880, they slowly deserted their medicine lodges, settled down around Government agencies on reserves, and learned how to use the plough and the mowing machine.

What is left of the native bands of the North-West Coast has also yielded itself to modern ways and contrivances. The 800 Haida half-breeds (out of 30,000 that lived a hundred years ago) are among the most progressive settlers and fisher folk of British Columbia. The other coast nations likewise have mostly given up their ancestral customs. They now resort to the salmon canneries for a living. They build gasoline yachts or work for the white people in lumber camps, in the mines, or on the railways.

The 4,000 Eskimos that are still left on the Arctic Coast of Canada are likely soon to disappear—as they have already from the mouth of the Mackenzie—from the food depletion of their habitat and the rigour of the climate. They will pay the penalty for adopting the new ways without acquiring the education which now safeguard their tribesmen in Greenland and Alaska.

—AND THE OLD: A Totem pole in the grounds of Government House, Victoria, B.C.

In other words, the Canadian Indian is now a creature of the past, who can be studied mostly in books and museums. But his history is indeed a fascinating one.

What is more familiar and spectacular than the colonial period of his evolution, that is, after the white man first smoked the peace calumet with him, bartered tools and weapons for furs with him, and soon challenged his supremacy over his vast domain? In this period of two or three hundred years, the natives underwent radical transformations besides being decimated by disease and warfare. The eastern tribes adopted the arts and handicrafts of the white settlers. The Algonkin and Iroquois girls were taught by nuns how to sew garments and embroider floral designs on cloth and leather. Thus began the pseudo-native craft of silk and bead work, the designs for which were of the French colonial renaissance as adapted to primitive media and new requirements.

The stone adze gave way to the axe and the curved knife, the Iroquois baked cooking-pot to the brass kettle, bows and arrows to the gun and the knife, the breech cloth to leggings and trousers, and the skins of wild animals to blankets and coats with sleeves. The horse appeared in the west (the Mexican cayuse) and the prairie hunters became expert horse riders. Handsome-like founded, about 1800, a new religion among his people, the Iroquois—a hybrid like the people themselves, consisting as it did of Christian beliefs mixed with ancient local practices. And this new faith swept over the western tribes like wildfire.

IN THE MIDDLE-WEST OF THE DOMINION: An Indian school farm at Brandon, Manitoba

The most interesting feature of this transitional period was the growth of the totem pole art on the North-West coast in the nineteenth century, after steel tools were first introduced by the white navigators and fur traders.

The totem pole became, after 1830, the fashionable way of showing one's power and coat-of-arms, while also commemorating the dead. The size of the pole and the beauty of its imagery published abroad the fame of those it represented. But even this picturesque form of art unnecessarily came to an end about 1880. It was branded as pagan by the missionaries. The wood-carvers dropped their tools and joined the ranks of two or three militant churches, brass bands came into favour, and the ancient dirges gave way, at the death of the chiefs, to the funeral march of Chopin. The totem poles are falling down from age. Now some of them are being preserved by the Department of Indian Affairs and the Canadian National Railways for a timely lesson—that the past may be a valuable asset for the future.

# SAVING the GORILLA

## Slowness of Propagation and the Lust of Man to Hunt have Rendered it Essential that to Preserve this Greatest of the Anthropoid Apes a Sanctuary should be Established —an Inauguration made in 1925 by the King of the Belgians

Nearly a year ago Dr. Harold Bingham and his wife started their expedition into the wilds of Africa to study the habits of gorilla. They have just returned and made a preliminary report from which much new and interesting information is available.

Gorillas are now to be found in but two regions of Africa. Though far apart from each other both regions are at the equator. One species, commonly called the Coast gorilla, occupies a mountainous region inland from the Atlantic Ocean a considerable distance. The other species, the Mountain gorilla, is to be found on the slopes of the volcanic peaks of the Kivu region at an altitude of from 8,000 to 12,000 ft. The two regions are widely separated by the forested area of the Upper Congo basin.

Ever since Paul du Chaillu penetrated the forests of Africa and brought back thrilling stories of encounters with gorillas these great apes have been the prey of the big-game hunters of the world. Because they propagate slowly and because many have been shot, authorities have estimated the gorilla population of this area to be fewer than 1,000.

In 1921 the American Museum of Natural History sent an expedition to the region headed by Carl Akeley. It was he who, upon his return to the States, called the attention of the scientific world to the beauty and magnificence of the area, to the richness of its plant and animal life, and to the danger of extermination which threatened the gorillas.

Enlisting the efforts of Dr. Merriam of the Carnegie Institution and other scientists, a movement was launched which led to the promulgation of a decree by King Albert of the Belgians (1925) that the area should be made a perpetual sanctuary for the gorillas.

The reservation is situated in the north-eastern part of the Belgian Congo between Lake Kivu and Uganda, and includes three volcanoes—Mount Mikeno, Mount Karasimbi, and Mount Visoke. In honour of His Majesty King Albert, to whose sympathetic interest the reservation is due, it has been officially designated "Parc National Albert."

The protected area now includes approximately 500,000 acres, grouped in four reserves or sectors lying in the Kivu district in proximity to one another. In addition to protecting all

**"Silver Back View"!** *A beautiful specimen of a silver-backed gorilla. Males have been known to reach a height of 5¾ ft. and a weight of 380 lbs.*

forms of plant and animal life in these four reserves, the Royal Decree expressly forbids "the destruction, capture, or hursuit of the gorilla, as well as all forms of punting this animal."

In August last year Dr. and Mrs. Bingham with native guides, gun bearers, personal boys, and forty porters left Lulenga for the three-days' climb up the wooded slopes of Mount Mikeno to Kabara, where they established their first field camp.

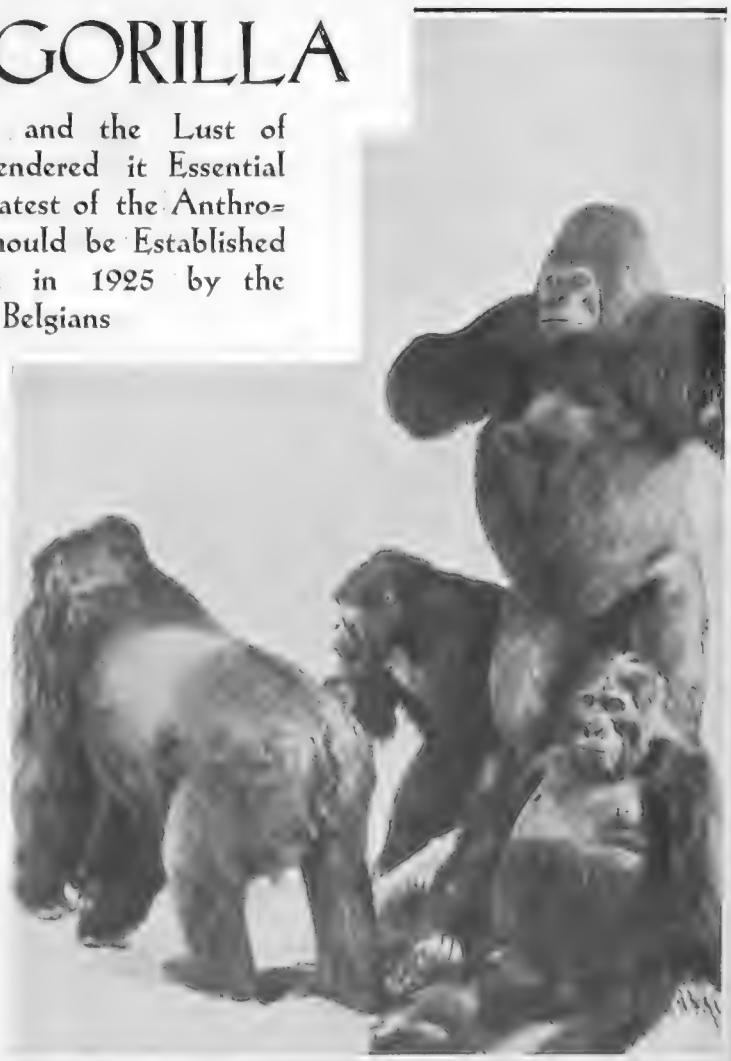
It was to this spot that Akeley returned in 1926 for the purpose of exploring the reserve and of securing accessories and background for the gorilla group which he was preparing. With difficulty he reached his old camp site, for he had contracted fever on the lower levels and was not well. He failed rapidly and in two or three days the end came. He was fittingly buried, as he wished, within the area that, through his initial efforts, has become a safe refuge for one of the two existing gorilla species.

The camp established by Dr. and Mrs. Bingham was set up within sight of the Akeley grave, and here the expedition remained for the first month of work. During the period they were in frequent contact with various gorilla groups, following them as they fed their way along, carefully recording, for future study, observations on the nests, the feeding habits, the social responses, the nomadic behaviour, and the individual traits of the animals. They took moving and still pictures whenever conditions favoured.

A belt of forest growth of varying width, in which the bamboo predominates, encircles the central mass of the three great volcanoes of the Kivu region —Mikeno, Karasimbi, and Visoke —at an altitude of from about 7,500 to 10,000 ft. In places it is so dense that it is impossible for one to penetrate it except by cutting trails. It is in the bamboo belt, and for a considerable distance above it, that the gorilla ranges in his search of food. The succulent shoots, the "suckers," which the bamboo roots send through the soil into the air above, constitute an important item in his bill of fare. The young and tender shoots are eaten entire: the older and tougher stalks are torn open and only the inner portion selected.

Wild celery is another growth that the gorilla apparently finds very appetizing. This plant which attains a height of six or eight feet grows luxuriantly over extensive areas. The stalks are thick and filled with water, and the young shoots are crisp and crush or break readily. In feeding, the gorillas pull the stalks out of the ground and eat the tender roots and inner and lower stalks.

That the gorilla, however, is not limited in his diet to bamboo shoots and wild celery, but that he feeds upon other plant varieties, is a conclusion which Dr. and Mrs. Bingham found much evidence to support. They gave particular attention to the growths upon which the gorilla feeds, and brought back a number of such plant specimens for examination and identification.



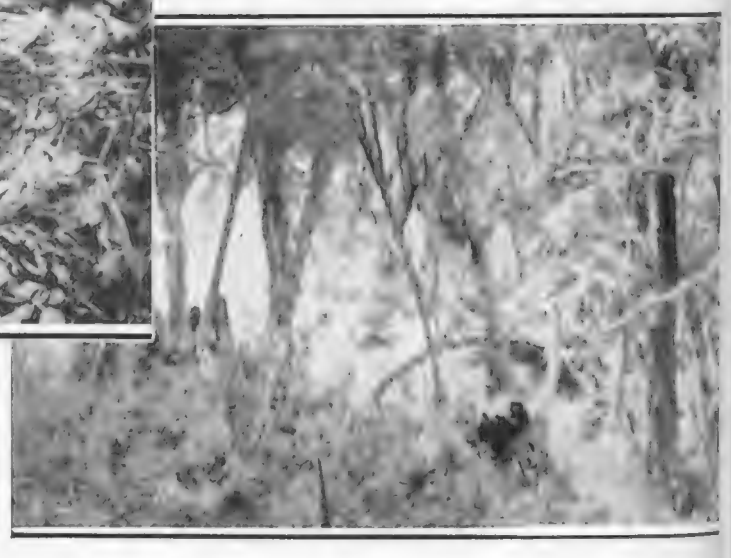
**The Largest of the Apes:** *A group of gorilla in the American Museum of Natural History mounted by Carl Akeley, who subsequently died of fever while conducting further researches at his old camp on Mount Mikeno*

It seems to be quite evident that gorilla bands are continually moving, though in a leisurely manner. Apparently they have no abiding place but constantly wander about as the lure of food impels them, though of course their movements are limited to the zone in which they find conditions to be most suitable. Indications are that they sleep but one night in a given "nest" which is a very simple affair made, as it usually is, by pulling and breaking down the plants and vines which chance to be at hand.

Some reports indicated that these animals frequently built their nests in trees; other reports had it that the nests in the region were never built off the ground. While, in general, it seems improbable that the great weight of the fully-grown gorilla's body permits him to spend much time in trees, nevertheless, from evidence secured, it is pretty certain that the varying physical conditions in the areas over which the gorillas range may lead to important differences in feeding and nesting habits. It is probable, too, that they feel that changes in climate, in seasons, in rainfall, in temperatures, may affect these animals, resulting in significant environmental adaptations.

At these altitudes they found tree nests of the gorillas, sometimes as high as fifty feet above the ground; and east and west of Berunga, also old nests made by chimpanzees.

**The Home in the Trees:** *Gorilla nests are simple affairs usually made by pulling and breaking down plants and vines within reach*



**In Natural Surroundings:** *Free-living gorilla in Parc National Albert, the gorilla sanctuary situated in the north-eastern part of the Belgian Congo between Lake Kivu and Uganda*

# CHRISTENDOM
*established in the*
## STRONGHOLD of JUDAISM

*WITHIN THE MONASTERY: The guest-rooms open on to the verandah above, while below, surmounted by a cross, is one of the wells*

*SEEN FROM THE MOUNTAIN OF MOSES: A view of the Monastery of St. Katharine nestling in the rugged red granite hills. It was built by Justinian and remains true to its Byzantine (Orthodox Greek) foundation. The scenery all around is magnificent*

*THE VETERAN MONK OF THE MONASTERY: By a happy chance his name is Aaron*

## SINAI'S MONASTERY NEWLY VISITED and Pictured

The Monastery of St. Katharine in Sinai occupies the traditional sight of the incident of Moses and the Burning Bush. It stands in a valley called the Wadi Shu'aib at 5,014 ft. above sea level; immediately to the south rises Gebel Musa or the Mountain of Moses, which has been venerated for centuries as the Mount Sinai where Moses received the Ten Commandments. Across a valley to the south is Gebel Katharina (8,550 ft.), where the body of the saint was said to be miraculously borne by angels.

Actually the Monastery is a fortress with high granite walls built in A.D. 530 by the Emperor Justinian. It contains a church, a mosque, a library, refectory, and numerous rooms for the monks, chapels, kitchens, wells, and bakehouses, as well as special rooms for guests. The church is a Byzantine basilica with a splendid mosaic in the apse of the sixth or seventh century depicting the Transfiguration. Behind the east end is the Chapel of the Burning Bush, the site being marked by an embossed silver plaque or covering. In the library, Tischendorf in 1844 discovered the Codex Sinaiticus, now in Leningrad; to-day one can see there the earliest known Syriac version of the Gospels.

The Monastery is an independent and autocephalous body, its present Archbishop being Porphyrios III. In his absence a committee of senior archimandrites control the Monastery and look after the guests. At present there are about eighteen to twenty monks and a number of novices in residence, all being Orthodox Greek and mostly coming from Crete and Cyprus. The gardens contain excellent fruit trees and in the adjoining valleys the monks cultivate vines, wheat, and other crops; they also distribute bread every day to the poorer Beduin Arabs.

**C. A. C. Mackintosh**

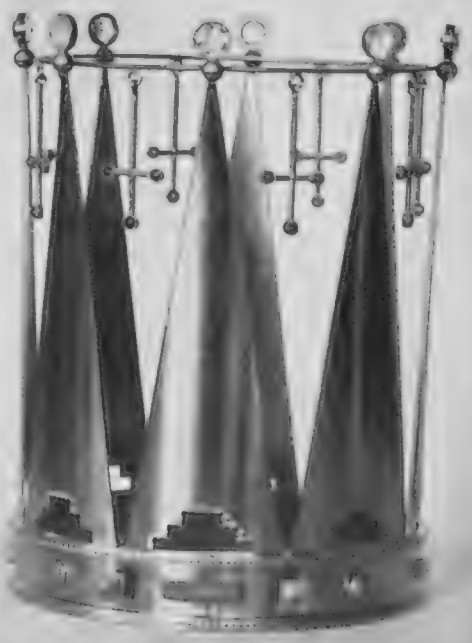
THE PARIS CUP IN ENGRAVED GLASS: A remarkable example of the art of one of Sweden's most brilliant craftsmen in this field, Herr Simon Gate, who, in distinction to his peer, Herr Edward Hald, specializes in the delineation of the florid, the baroque, and the exuberant

# MODERN SW

*Examples Culled from the Great Treat Mo*
*Dr. Nils G. Wollin and publis th*

A DESIGN FOR HAUTE-LISSE TAPEST his
representation of sagas connected with the discov th
no modern revolution in t

STATUETTES IN FAIENCE: Two examples of modern treatment in a medium which reached its highest peak in the hands of Della Robbia. The modernist tendency animating the major portion of all Teutonic—and especially Swedish—art of the moment is clearly discernible in these two figures



A SILVER-GILT BRIDAL CROWN SET WITH ROCK CRYSTAL, GARNETS, AND LAPIS LAZULI: This is an example of the work of the most radical of Swedish workers in precious metals, Herr Wiwen Nilsson, Court Jeweller of Lund. Ever recurring angulation is a pronounced characteristic of this artist's work, and his theory revolves about the dogma as the earth about the axle, that each metal has peculiar properties of design of which full advantage should be taken by the artist. Silver, for example, is a light and "feathery" metal

# EDISH ART

*Modern Swedish Decorative Art," compiled by the Architectural Press*

*is is a design by Ossian Elgstrom, whose forte is the the Wineland. Swedish textile art has undergone intains its o.d traditions*

*A GRAND PIANO FROM THE MALMSJÖ WORKS: An astonishing production which combines severity and austerity with efflorescence and florid decoration, the former on the outside, the latter on the inside. As an instrument, the Swedish piano ranks, in the opinion of experts, with the great masterpieces of Bechstein, Blüthner, Steinway, and Broadwood, although it has not the popular reputation of the German instruments outside its own land. The background against which the piano is seen is redolent of Swedish tradition*

Major Longden has evidently set a fashion for exhibitions dealing with the art and craft of countries not immediately associated in the mind of the man in the street with Art of the First Order. Major Longden successfully demonstrated at Burlington House that Persia did possess an art of a golden if fretful character, and now we have brought to our notice by a well-organized exhibition at Dorland House many unexpected angles of one branch of Scandinavian art, and by the great courtesy of the Architectural Press, who have just published a sumptuous monograph on "Modern Swedish Decorative Art," we are enabled to reproduce here several of the outstanding efforts of the artists and craftsmen of the land of Gustavus Adolphus. The collection will be a revelation to many of our readers, who perhaps associate the dowdy and the stuffy with the lands of Ibsen and Strindberg. But that a highly æsthetic race of artists now exists in Sweden is very evident from the exhibition at Dorland House. In many fields—especially in the field of industrial art—Sweden has of late made great strides. Tapestries, especially *haute-lisse* tapestries, work in faience, delicate artistry in precious metals, and highly decorative glass work, are some of the particular types of beautiful creation in which the race excels. Dr. Nils Woltin's book is dedicated to the Crown Prince of Sweden, whose great and active interest in Swedish arts and crafts has done so much to stimulate the progress and endeavour of the artists of his country. The author is chief teacher at the School of Arts and Crafts in Stockholm,

*'LOT AND HIS DAUGHTERS": A fine example of Intarsiatura work. A remarkably vivid treatment in mosaiced woods by Ewald Dahlskog. The vigour of this example in a medium inherently dull shows to what a stanaard Swedish art has progressed*

*A NEWEL IN BRONZE: A very exquisite design of a nereid riding buoyantly astride of some fantastic and conventional fish*

# LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

## An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

*THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF UPPER SILESIAN PLEBISCITE: Mayor Kashny of Ratibor, surrounded by Silesians in National costume, delivering his address at a meeting held in Berlin*

**A RESTFUL PARADISE.**—The search for cheaper holiday places, perforce, or through economic wisdom as a result of the world economic depression, is turning into veritable exploration. Hotels and resorts in Egypt, Italy, the Riviera, Switzerland, Algiers, Florida, Cuba, and many other places where people are wont to go for diversion, recreation, or recuperation are almost deserted by their seasonal habitués, many of whom have gone prospecting for new holiday fields less expensive.

I am writing this in the beautiful Orotava Valley on the Island of Teneriffe, one of the "Isles of the Blest" as the ancients called the Canaries. I was surprised to find in this out-of-the-world place, the "roof of Atlantis," a large temporary winter colony of British, with their own church, club, and library. The explanation—"milder climate, more restful surroundings, and cheaper than Egypt, North Africa, Italy, or the Riviera."

Retired diplomats, Army and Navy officers, and Civil Servants on pension from all parts of the Empire can live comfortably in sunshine and warmth through the winter months, to which they are not accustomed in the cold North, for anything from twelve shillings a day, inclusive of everything, even of that very British institution, "afternoon tea."

The 12,200 ft. high snow-capped peak which dominates the island looks down upon luxuriant banana and date-palm groves. Eucalyptus and fragrant pepper trees perfume the air. Brilliant flowers surpass the glory of the Riviera in late spring. Wild canary birds herald each sunny morning with their song. Excellent motor roads give access to almost every picturesque corner of the island. It is the most restful place I have as yet found on this earth.

**POLAR ENTERPRISE.**—An Anglo-Saxon rendezvous of the British Union Jack, the American Stars and Stripes, and the German Tri-colour at the North Pole towards the end of May or early in June is an interesting and unique project under consideration, so a private cablegram from New York advises me.

The feasibility of the American submarine *Nautilus*, with the British explorer, Captain Sir Hubert Wilkins, and the German airship *Graf Zeppelin*, with Commodore Dr. Hugo Eckener and his three staff captains, Ernst A. Lehmann, Hans C. Fleming, Hans von Schiller, and veteran crew of "airshippers" with whom I have flown more than 50,000 miles, to meet at the North Pole, is being examined.

To the Jules Verne-like expedition under the polar ice of Sir Hubert Wilkins may be added the no less thrilling and venturesome air expedition of the *Graf Zeppelin*.

Dr. Eckener has declared in New York that the *Graf Zeppelin* can meet the *Nautilus* in the polar regions and add valuable observations from the air, to supplement the scientific data gathered under sea and ice by Wilkins and his daring companions.

The fate of the *Italia* under General Nobile in the icy North, or the disaster to our *R 101* in France, Dr. Eckener tells me is no deterrent to him or to his officers and crew in respect of this Arctic flight, which he is convinced that the *Graf Zeppelin*, navigated by experienced hands, can safely make.

Sir Hubert expects to start from New York for Spitzbergen in May. Contrary to newspaper reports, he tells me that Lady Wilkins will not accompany him in the *Nautilus*. Thus the place at the North Pole for the first woman polar explorer will still be open.

Mr. William Randolph Hearst, the enterprising "Newspaper King," who made possible the first and very dramatic transatlantic flight of the *Graf Zeppelin* in October, 1928, chartered the *Graf Zeppelin* for the Round-the-World Flight, and is financing the Wilkins Expedition may, I hear, also back Dr. Eckener in the polar air adventure if scientific and public interest justify, and preparations can be concluded in time to make it coincide with Wilkins' arrival there.

It would be the first time that the flags of three nations flew simultaneously at the Pole.

**THE NEW DIPLOMACY.**—Britain and India can thank two men, Viceroy Lord Irwin and Mahatma Gandhi, that chaos, perhaps much bloodshed, was averted in India during the last twelve months. It was a critical period. More than once bad generalship on either side could have let the situation develop into what might easily have been a gigantic tragedy, had Britain violently challenged the quite natural, even if somewhat premature, aspirations of more than three hundred million Indian people.

Dramatic and colourful has been this struggle, unique in history, between two minds—the one representing the great British Empire, the other the aspirations to self-government of the second largest nation in the world. But it was a struggle of thought, not a conflict of might; of constructive reason, not of destructive power. In the goal sought—the best, happiest, and most reasonably progressive future for India, with just regard for British interests—there was accord between Lord Irwin and Mahatma Gandhi. Differences lay in the methods and time of arriving at that goal.

In the provisional Agreement reached between His Majesty's Viceroy, with all the power of the Empire behind him, and the homely, almost naked, skinny little brown man just out of prison, backed only by the will and prayer of India's millions, Britain and India gave concrete expression to the ideals of the long-dreamed new diplomacy and statesmanship. That provisional Agreement, which I believe all reasonable minds in Britain and India hope will eventuate in a permanent one satisfactory to both sides, will stand in history as the gateway to that new diplomacy.

"A victory of common sense," Mr. Stanley Baldwin, former Conservative Prime Minister, calls it. I believe that the majority of people in England will subscribe to that. To enter upon an era of holding in subjection, by might and force against their will, more than three hundred million people, however unarmed and ignorant in mass, is no light undertaking in this day and age, and could only be justified by the greatest of provocations. Gandhi foresaw that. Hence the unique strategy and creation by him of a new force—civil disobedience—and his insistence on non-violence. A generalship almost without precedent.

Settlements of differences between nations through calm deliberation and cold reason are always less spectacular, less dramatic, therefore less applause-provoking than the crunch of the iron heel or the thunder of the mailed fist. The "strong man" act appeals to the primitive and savage that is in men and women when not directed against themselves. It does not always have regard for justice.

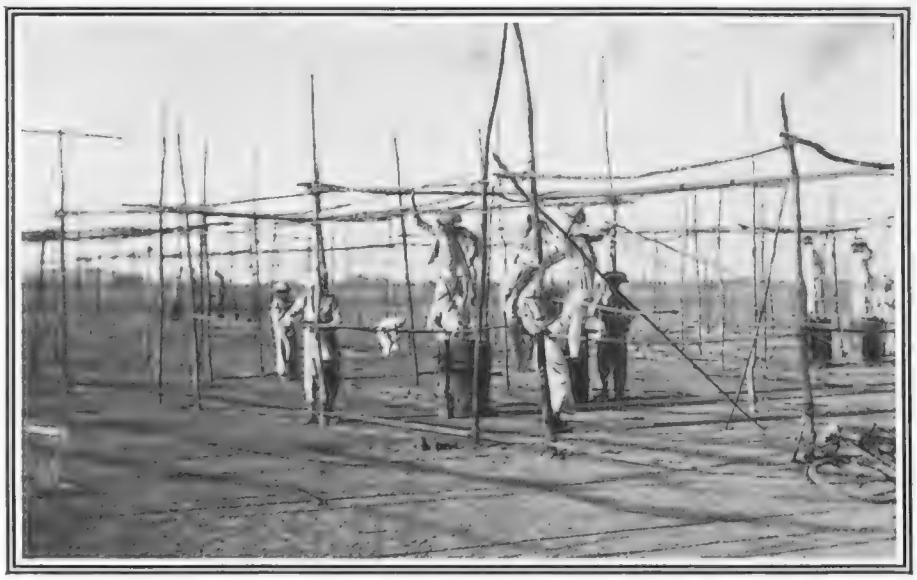
It is unfair to Lord Irwin to charge that he has raised the flag of defeatism in New Delhi, or to say that he surrendered the interests of Britain in India. In the eyes of the east, Britain abdicated her white man supremacy in India when by choice, short-sighted statesmanship, or compelled by circumstances she threw Indian troops into a white man's war between 1914 and 1918. To the east it was a confession that Britain was no longer supreme.

**PAYMENT FOR MISTAKES.**—We are paying now, and bitter it is to our national pride, the undated blank drafts issued by our statesmen then, on a future their vision was too limited to see. Lord Irwin is to-day the liquidator of that bankruptcy of British prestige in India, not of his own making, and the involuntary executor of Mr. Woodrow Wilson's political testament—self-determination of peoples. The British Government, in effect, if not by formal act, itself subscribed to that. And some of our statesmen, whose statesmanship of then contributed so much to the situation that later confronted us in India and China, would now lead Britain into what might be worse mistakes yet.

It is interesting to recall that Herr von Kuehlman, later German Foreign Minister but at the outbreak of the war Counsellor of the German Embassy in London, suggested to Lord Crewe an agreement that Africa be kept out of the white man's war. The price that we are paying in India, France in a more distant future, but just as surely, will pay in North Africa

Sun Tzu and Wu Tzu, the great Chinese strategists of 500 B.C., laid down the maxim that "The supreme art of war is to win without fighting." That is, generalship which avoids the necessity of bloodshed. They held that it requires no genius to command men into death, but to avoid that, and yet win, is the very highest art of strategy and generalship. If we apply that, then both Lord Irwin and Mahatma Gandhi have won great victories.

In India, in 1927, I was told on every side in Calcutta and Bombay, even in Delhi, "Gandhi's influence is gone. He is finished." There are prophets among us who now profess to foresee what will happen in India under home rule or any other form of self-government. Just as India's non-violent civil disobedience was a form of revolution new and strange to the west, so is it most difficult for the western mind to gauge in advance the line of action that the eastern mind may take in any given set of circumstances. With rare exceptions, it is certain to be different from what is expected.



*FOR THE ALL INDIA CONGRESS AT KARACHI: A party of workmen constructing huts which are to house the visitors to Mr. Gandhi's great gathering*

**ANGLO-GERMAN AMITY.**—Marking another and noteworthy step in liquidation of feeling engendered by the war and the return to genuine friendship between England and Germany, the first Anglo-German Club of the new decade is being formed in London. Mr. Neven du Mont, a German, and Colonel the Master of Sempill, one of our leading aviation enthusiasts, who has been particularly active in bringing about closer friendship between British and German men of the air, have commendably taken the initiative.

The objects of the club include "to foster friendship and understanding between British and German nationals and to provide a non-political meeting-place for gentlemen of both countries." A special membership is to be arranged for ladies so that they may take part in the social, intellectual, and artistic activities of the club. Up-to-date premises are to be taken in the West End.

# "THE SPHERE" SURVEYS THE WORLD

*THE IMPEDIMENTA OF A KING: Huge crates containing the relics most recently unearthed from the tomb of King Tut-ankh-amen are drawn by a team of fellaheen across the desert to the Nile for river transport to Cairo, where they will be enshrined in the Museum in the great Egyptian city*

*DEMONSTRATION BY THE STAHLHELM: The Berlin branch held a great political demonstration a few days ago*

*FASCISMO IN AN IMPERIAL SETTING: The massed banners of the Fascist regiments ranked round the walls of the Colosseum on the occasion of the celebration of the twelfth anniversary of Fascismo, when thousands of Blackshirts assembled in the great arena another symbol of the Latin greatness*

The great *Stahlhelm* demonstration held in Berlin the other day gave incontrovertible proof of the military discipline which still animates the German race. Although the organisation (which has as its avowed aims the maintenance of the old standards, the acquittal of Germany from the charge of war-guilt at the bar of the world and the general reversion to a militarist, or even a monarchical, state) has no arms, the 25,000 members who assembled in the Lustgarten seemed a division of first-class troops. They were addressed by Federal Leader Stephan, among others. One ironical note was struck: Ex-Prince Eitel Fritz, the ex-Kaiser's second son, was present as a member of the *Stahlhelm*; and the parade was held in front of the Imperial Palace where he used to live!

# MATTERS AERIAL

*The Latest Developments in Aviation*

OVER THE MILLIONAIRES' PLAYGROUND: A Cierva autogiro over Miami, U.S.A. The original autogiro was designed by Señor Don Juan de la Cierva in Spain, and the Cierva Autogiro Company — purely a British firm—has developed the modern machine in co-operation with the inventor. The hovering capabilities of the autogiro make it ideal for pleasure cruises

SHOOTING A SNAP: An aerial gunner with a camera gun, which is used in similar fashion to an active weapon, but records hits photographically, during the training of the 603rd City of Edinburgh (Bomber) Squadron, Auxiliary Air Force

NEVER TOO LATE: The Rev. J. Pyddocke, of Pleasley, Nottinghamshire, and Mrs. Pyddocke, who, at the age of sixty-one and fifty-two respectively, recently celebrated their silver wedding by qualifying for licences as air pilots, both successfully climbing to 2,000 ft. and gliding to earth within 150 ft. of a given spot as part of the tests. *Inset above on right*—A CANADIAN-BUILT PUSS MOTH: The first of a batch of Puss Moths for the Royal Canadian Air Force which has just been delivered by the Canadian Associated Company of the de Havilland Aircraft Co., Ltd.

UP OVER FOR DOWN UNDER: Mr. H. F. Broadbent, a twenty-year-old Australian, will leave Hanworth Aerodrome within a few days on a solo flight to Australia in a Standard Blue Bird light aeroplane. Mr. Broadbent is seen on the 'plane refuelling his machine

**SPECIAL EASTER SECTION OF "THE SPHERE"**

# THE FOUR DAYS

A New Historical Analysis Specially Constructed for this Issue of "The Sphere," Showing in Sequence of Time the Part Borne by all the Protagonists in the Great Epic of Easter

| THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY | SUNDAY |
|---|---|---|---|
| "And they took counsel together that they might take Jesus by subtilty, and kill him. But they said, not during the feast, lest a tumult arise among the people"<br>*St. Matthew xxvi, 5* | "And the whole company of them arose up, and brought him before Pilate. And they began to accuse him saying, We found this man perverting our nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, saying that he himself is Christ the King"<br>*St. Luke xxiii, 1-3* | "And when the Sabbath was passed, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the Mother of Joses, and Salome, had bought sweet spices, that they might come and anoint him"<br>*St. Mark xvi, 1* | "And very early in the morning the first day of the week, they come unto the Sepulchre at the rising of the sun. . . . And when they looked they saw that the stone was rolled away; for it was very great"<br>*St. Mark xvi, 2-4* |
| "And they came unto a place which was named Gethsemane"<br>*St. Mark xiv, 32* | "There was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour"<br>*St. Matthew xxvii, 45* | "So they went and made the Sepulchre sure"<br>*Matthew xxvii, 66* | "Peace be unto you"<br>*St. John, xx, 19* |

*One of the famous set of Holy Land Drawings made by David Roberts, R.A., in the '50's*

JERUSALEM FROM THE ROAD LEADING TO BETHANY: It was along this road that Jesus made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. The topography of the district is shown in the map on the following page

| | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY | SUNDAY |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Peter** | Protests his loyalty at the Mount of Olives. Draws sword in the garden | Denies Jesus before the cock crows | — | Comes to the tomb |
| **Judas** | Says "Master, is it I?" at the Last Supper and receives the reply "Thou hast said": Leads the multitude to Gethsemane | Casts away his blood-money in the Temple and hangs himself | — | — |
| **High Priest** | Discusses ways and means to capture the blasphemer | Argues before Pilate at the trial of Jesus | Consults with Pilate concerning the guarding of the tomb | — |
| **Pilate** | Is probably consulted by the chief priests with regard to the impending capture and trial | Sends Jesus to Herod. Hears from Claudia Procula. Offers the crowd Barabbas. Condemns Jesus | Informs priests he will give no guard to the tomb | — |

# THE FOUR DAYS: A New Ana

## Specially Constructed fo

By FRA
(Author of "

### DRAMATIS MAXIMÆ PERSONÆ

*There are twenty-eight persons known to us by name who are believed to have been involved in various degrees in the great tragedy and the events which followed it. They are :—*

**Pontius Pilate :** A low-born Roman soldier, who rose to be Procurator of Judea from A.D. 26 to A.D. 36. A rather tactless, truculent, and overbearing man.

**Claudia Procula :** The illegitimate daughter of Claudia, the third wife of Tiberius, and grand-daughter of Augustus Cæsar. As the wife of Pilate she was given the rather unusual privilege of accompanying her husband to his province.

**Annas ben Seth :** The head of an enormously wealthy Sadducean family in Jerusalem. Deposed from his position as High Priest by the Roman Governor, Valerius Gratus in A.D. 16, but still regarded by the Jews as their High Priest *de jure*.

**Joseph Caiaphas :** Son-in-law of Annas. Acting High Priest at the time of the tragedy. An astute and far-seeing man who favoured a working compromise with Rome.

**Judas Iscariot :** "One of the Twelve."

**Joseph of Arimathea :** A rich man and a member of the Great Sanhedrin. Believed by many to have been a secret disciple of Jesus.

**Nicodemus :** Another Councillor.

**Herod Antipas :** A vassal of the Emperor. Tetrarch of Galilee and the regions beyond Jordan. Believed to have been on bad terms with Pilate.

**John :** An intimate disciple of Jesus.

**Simon :** A fisherman from Galilee, who later became the acknowledged leader of the party.

**The Nine Missing Disciples :** Men who fled during the arrest in the Garden of Gethsemane, and are not heard of again until Sunday.

**Mary Magdalene :** A native of Magdala, and a devoted follower of Jesus. The prime mover in the surreptitious expedition to the grave.

**Mary :** The mother of Jesus.

**Salome :** The mother of John and his brother James.

**Mary of Cleophas :** Wife of Klopas, and mother of two other disciples.

**Joanna :** Wife of Chuza, Herod's steward. A faithful supporter of the party.

**Mary and Martha of Bethany :** Two sisters, devoted heart and soul to Jesus. It was probably from their house that He set out on the last day of His freedom.

**The Youth in the Garden :** Narrowly escaped arrest in the Garden of Gethsemane. His cloak being snatched from him, he fled naked. Many modern authorities identify him with the writer of St. Mark's Gospel.

**The Young Man at the Tomb :** Popularly supposed to have been an angel.

*To this list must, of course, be added the Roman centurion in charge of the Crucifixion, Barabbas, Simon of Cyrene, and the two malefactors, known to tradition as Dysmas and Gestas. Dysmas is said to have kept an inn in Galilee. A late document describes Gestas as guilty of great cruelty and mutilation. "He knew not God, nor obeyed any law."*

I

**ON THE ROBBERS' ROAD**

**Time—the Previous Saturday or Tuesday**

The scene is a private house in a little village about two miles from Jerusalem. A robber-haunted road, immortalized by Christ in the story of the Good Samaritan, passes through the village on its winding course to the eastern gate of the city, but there are shorter cuts if the traveller is prepared to take one of the numerous rough tracks across the slopes of Olivet.

A meal is in progress within. It is night time, and the village is in darkness, save for the silvery light of the moon now nearing its full. Suddenly a curtain is drawn aside and a man emerges hurriedly into the deserted street. His face is flushed with anger and deep resentment at a rebuke which has just been delivered to him. He looks this way, and that, lest he should be observed, and then sets off quickly in the direction of Jerusalem.

Less than an hour later—for men engaged in desperate missions do not tarry—he is closeted with the priests. The business goes well. Long afterwards, some one in close touch with events recorded the fact that "when they heard it they were glad, and promised to give him money. And he sought how he might conveniently deliver him unto them."

II

**THURSDAY EVENING**

**Time—About 8 p.m.**

It is night-time. In the upper room of a friendly house "somewhere in Jerusalem," a group of thirteen men are reclining. The conversation is strangely sad for such a festival. There are strained silences and whispered colloquies as the earlier part of the meal proceeds. Then in a tense moment—almost casually as it seemed to the onlookers—he who sat in the place of honour turned to one of his companions and said, briefly: "That thou doest, do quickly."

Few noticed its significance save the man to whom it was addressed, for the Passover drew near and there were business details to be attended to. It was understood that they would meet later at the garden which stood at the fork of the road to Bethany. Taking with him the common bag, and descending the creaking stairs, he went out into the night. It was the man of the furious and angry countenance.

Just what did he do then? We cannot say. We can only infer his movements from one very striking and suggestive fact. *He did not keep his appointment in the garden for nearly three hours.*

Into those three hours was packed such a drama as old Jerusalem had not witnessed within the memory of living man. There was need for organization on no common scale, for the finding and assembling of witnesses, for the summoning of the Temple Guard, for the swift interchange of messages between the executive sitting in the High Priest's house and the notables whose consent would be necessary to ratify the finding the next morning in the Great Sanhedrin. Nor was this all. The Procurator himself could hardly be left out of account. Would he consent to hear the case at an early hour so that the death penalty could be inflicted before sunset? Someone must clearly see Pilate before the bolt was launched, and what lesser man could disturb him in his private apartments at such an hour than Caiaphas himself?

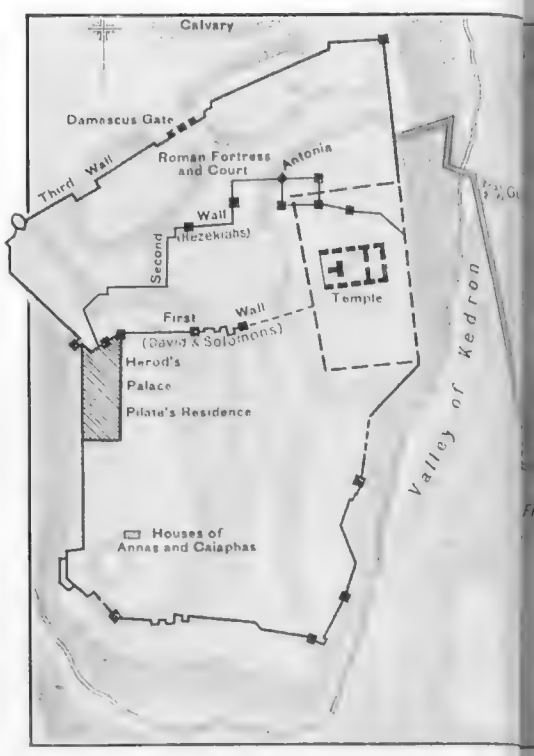
These things took time, and time was a very important factor that night.

III

**THURSDAY—IN THE IMPERIAL APARTMENTS**

**Time—About 10.30**

Pilate and Procula, his wife, are in town for the feast. The evening is chilly, since a few hours later a certain fisherman will be glad to warm his hands before a blazing fire in the courtyard of the High Priest's house. A knock comes at the door, and a distinguished caller is announced. Pilate probably goes into an adjoining room to meet him, and matters of grave political import are discussed. The business concluded he returns, but Procula is curious and, before they go to rest, some conversation takes place concerning the purpose of the visit and the identity of the prospective Prisoner.




**PLAN OF JERUSALEM AND ITS ENVIRONS**
**realized that Jerusalem at the time of Christ y within an area equal to that of Hyde Park. fr of the famous Jericho Road, a haunt of m Samaritan. It was on this road that Jesus the upper city, and later the Temple, came verged on the road near to the site indicate G arrest the nine missing disciples took one of k with the stoppage of traffic between the th probably accounts for the marke**

IV

**THURSDAY—AT THE FRIENDLY HOUSE**

Meanwhile, in the upper room of friendly house, the Man of Death infinite tenderness is taking leave of friends. This is not a last supper mere the sense that it happens to be the last taken by Jesus before his enemies shot sudden bolt which was to nail him to Cross. It is the last supper in the far poignant and determinate sense that ever knows it to be the last supper. There is one of all that fatal party reclining round board who does not realize that this w the last time that they will sup together earth.

But why so? we may ask with a ce impatience and amazement. Jesus was without friends, even in this citadel of enemies. There were at least eleven st and staunch men in his bodyguard, men could be counted upon in a pinch. On there were vast multitudes in his favour, p who had cheered themselves hoarse upo triumphal entry from Bethany only four previously. The very room in which they seated free from interruption was place their disposal by a loyal and trusty fr Besides, Jesus was still a free man. No c had as yet been placed around the city, proved by the fact that an hour later the made its way unmolested to the Bethany and thus to the mountain tracks across O

Why, then, we may ask, did He no that night, instantly, while there was time? The roads were open. It could been done quite easily up to a certain moment shortly before midnight. There men in that room who would have gone him anywhere. Once across the spu Olivet, he would have been safe from im ate pursuit. On the morrow he could been beyond the reach of his enemies.

Why did not his friends themselves the initiative in this very grave and da ous emergency? They were at least against one. The could have restrained if need be by physical force. Was the one present who could have said the which would have wilted the very soul o

# ...sis of the Events of Good Friday and Easter

## ...is Issue of "The Sphere"

...MORISON

*...ved the Stone?)*

**...TIME OF THE CRUCIFIXION: It is not generally ...y small town. It could have been placed comfortably ... from Bethany, shewn in the map, is a continuation ... immortalized by Christ in the Parable of the Good ... a great lament over the city. Note the points where ... Several mountain tracks leading from Bethany con... ...Garden of Gethsemane. It is probable that after the ... ks to their temporary home in Bethany. This, coupled ... the village, during the culmination of the tragedy, ... of Mary and Martha from the final scene**

into shame and contrition? Great leaders of men have been in tighter corners than this, and have escaped with a fraction of the assistance that Jesus of Nazareth could have summoned to his aid.

The answer to all these questions lies embedded in the narratives. None of these things happened because the inflexible will of Christ determined otherwise. You may search all the parallels of history and you will find nothing that is really parallel to this. It stands out with the utter isolation of the unique.

Whatever else may be true of that memorable evening it is clear that, had a certain course of action been decided upon promptly, even after Judas had left upon his fateful errand, there would have been no Prisoner before the bar of Caiaphas that night and no central cross on Golgotha the following afternoon.

But here lies the wonder, the unearthly grandeur of this tragedy. The Prisoner *did* stand after all at the bar of Caiaphas. He *did* keep the strangest appointment recorded in human history in the Garden of Gethsemane. He *did* wait for his betrayer to the exhaustion of his friends and almost to the surprise and confusion of his enemies. He *did* shoulder the Cross which symbolically in earlier years he had urged his followers to take up with him. He *did* finally take his leave amid a scene so full of horror and of moral grandeur as to be ineffaceable from the annals of mankind.

If anyone doubts this, let him turn to the story of what happened in Gethsemane, as told by St. Mark in language as cold and dispassionate as the moonlight which flooded that silent garden.

### V

**THURSDAY—THE GARDEN AT MIDNIGHT**

It is getting very late now. The moon is high in the heavens. Three times have those sturdy fishermen, accustomed to lonely vigils on the deep, fallen asleep from sheer weariness. Twice has that lonely Figure returned from his communing under the distant trees, and gently chided them. "Canst thou not watch with me one hour?" He returns for the third time, and it is the last. They will not sleep again. Already the light of distant torches can be seen in an irregular train crossing the Kedron and taking the sharp bend in the road towards the garden. He touches them on the shoulder. "Arise, let us be going. Lo! he that betrayeth me is at hand."

The distant lights advance swifty, as the motley gathering enters the garden and deploys through the trees to the place where Jesus stands—the torch-bearers coming first with Judas in their midst, followed by the Temple Guards and a miscellaneous body of "witnesses" and others. It is all over in a few minutes. A blow is struck in anger. A young man involved in the mêlée has his cloak snatched from him and flees naked into the darkness. With the torches held aloft in the centre of the open space the hands of the Prisoner are tied behind his back. There is a good deal of confused shouting as the party moves off on its return journey to the city. Peter and John, standing near to Christ, become involved, it seems, in the crowd in such a way as to make withdrawal conspicuous and regain the city unnoticed. Meanwhile the other disciples, terrified by what they have seen, have fled.

### VI

**FRIDAY—THE HIGH PRIEST'S HOUSE**

**Time—The Early Hours of Friday Morning**

In a room in the High Priest's house they are trying the Man of Death. Many witnesses are called, but their evidence does not "agree together" and the testimony is rejected. Then two men come forward with a very circumstantial story. "This fellow said 'I will destroy this temple that is made with hands, and in three days I will build another made without hands.'" So speaks the first witness. The second corroborates him, but in somewhat different terms: "This man said 'I am *able* to destroy the temple of God, and to build it in three days.'"

The difference, though technical, is vital, and again the testimony is overthrown.

Caiaphas turns angrily to the Prisoner: "Answerest thou nothing? What is it that these witness against thee?"

No answer is vouchsafed to him, and faced with the utter miscarriage of his plans Caiaphas rises in his place and, throwing legality to the winds, applies to the Prisoner the most solemn oath known to the Hebrew Constitution, the famous Oath of the Testimony: "I adjure thee by the living God . . . art thou the Christ? Dost thou claim to be he that shall come?"

To that challenge, even silence itself is an unforgivable offence. The reply comes clear and definite: "Thou sayest." The trial is over. Caiaphas rends his garments as he turns dramatically to the assembled rabbis with the triumphant declaration: "What need have we of further witnesses? Lo! ye yourselves have heard the blasphemy."

### VII

**FRIDAY—THE PALACE**

**Time—Friday Morning**

Pilate is astir early and has gone to the Praetorium. In the Imperial apartments Claudia Procula awakens from a vivid and painful dream. She knows where her husband is and the delicate business upon which he is engaged. She is apprehensive. She does not want him to touch this thing. Rising from her bed she indites a message, almost telegraphic in its brevity and urgency:

> "Have thou nothing to do with that righteous man, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him."

Meanwhile, in the open space outside the Praetorium, the crowds are gathering, Pilate has kept his promise. Excited men and women, hearing of the midnight arrest and condemnation, are streaming up the steep hillside streets from the Tyropean valley and the lower city. A great shout goes up. They are bringing the Prisoner, direct from the Great Sanhedrin to their Imperial master. His hands are tied behind his back, and men spit and lash at him as the Temple Guards roughly force a way through the dense crowds to the entrance to the Palace.

They hand him over there, for it is defilement to a Jew to enter the court of the stranger on that day. The Prisoner is conducted alone into the presence chamber of Pilate. Several minutes go by, and then more minutes. Pilate is clearly interrogating the Prisoner. The priests become restive. They had not counted upon this. The business of the Procurator is to *ratify* their sentence, not to re-try the case.

At length Pilate appears, and his face is grave. "What accusation do you bring against this man?" It is the opening of the Roman trial, the demand for the public *accusatio* required by the Roman law. Pilate is going to try the case after all!

The priests are resentful and reply sullenly: "If this man were not an evil-doer, we should not have delivered Him up unto thee." It is a veiled demand for immediate ratification.

Quickly comes the astute reply: "Take him yourselves and judge him according to your law."

As quickly the rejoinder is made: "It is not lawful for us to put any man to death."

Then, finding the Procurator obdurate, they begin to accuse him, saying: "We found this fellow perverting our nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, and saying that he Himself is Christ a King."

At the mention of the word "King," Pilate withdraws again to question the Prisoner.

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Half-an-hour later. The square is pandemonium now. The crowd is getting the upper hand. Pilate is losing his battle. In vain he has tried the way to reason and to compromise. In vain he has offered to sacrifice Barabbas. In vain he has publicly affirmed the innocence of the Prisoner. In vain he has washed his hands as a sign that he will have no part or lot in it. Above the babel of conflicting sounds there rises the sinister cry: "If thou lettest this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend."

The threat goes home, as those who uttered it knew it would. Once before a letter from the chief men of the nation had brought a sharp reproof from Cæsar. The Procurator capitulates. Thus did Pontius Pilate reluctantly deliver Jesus of Nazareth to the will of his enemies.

### VIII

**BEYOND THE GATE**

**Time—Friday Afternoon**

The day is almost over. The crowds are pressing round the Cross, jeering and shouting. At a little distance stand Mary Magdalene, Salome, and the other women. As the great cry goes up a hurried consultation is held. Salome goes to the aid of the stricken mother, for it is her son John who is leading her, dazed and half-fainting, through the tumultuous throngs. The others prepare to do what they can for Jesus.

The Roman soldiers clear a space around the Cross. The crowd is already thinning at the edges, and people are streaming back over the hard stones towards the gate of the city. Others make for their tents and bivouacs on the surrounding hills. Westward, the sun is sinking rapidly, illuminating the high bulk of Mount Moriah and the Temple buildings with a shaft of golden light. The shadows are falling in the valleys. Peace has come at last to the tortured figures on the hill.

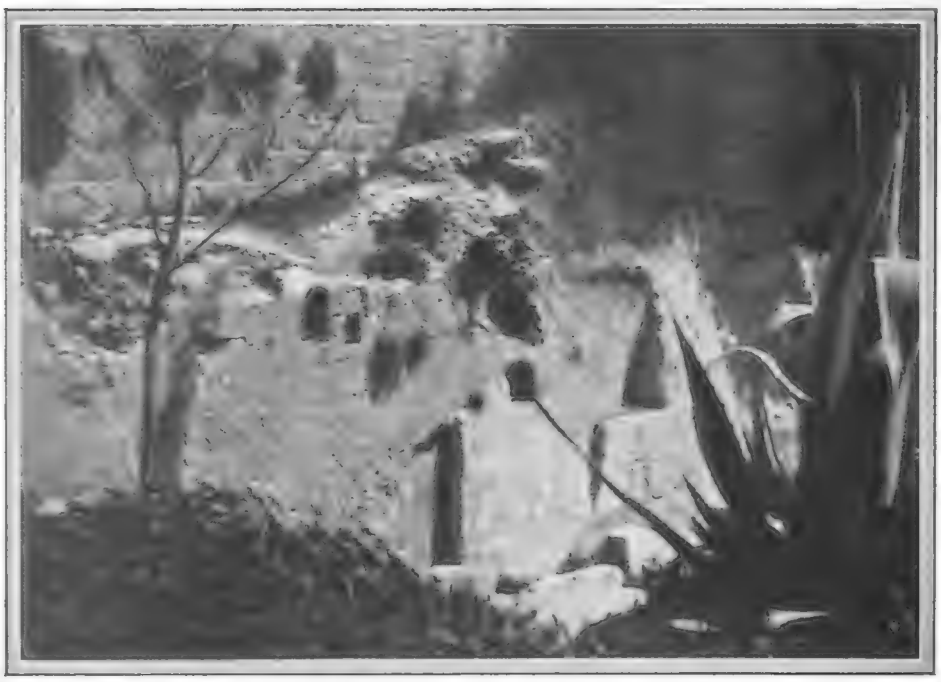
The centurion has gone to report to his Imperial master, who marvels that the Prisoner should be already dead. But the women watch on. . . . Presently a little group of men arrive at the Cross. Two of them belong clearly to the ruling class, and the women withdraw respectfully a short distance. The wounded body is released from its bonds, wrapped in a linen sheet, and carried slowly and reverently to a near-by garden. There is a rock-hewn cave therein.

The twilight falls apace. A great stone is rolled into its place, concealing the entrance to the cave. Shortly the men depart, followed later by the two women. The garden is left to the darkness and its Sabbath peace.

*(Continued on following page)*

A typical modern road running from Jerusalem. The Mount of Olives is on the left of the picture

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE: The entrance to the place of the Agony. In the distance is the Golden Gate through which Christ left the city after the Last Supper



THE GARDEN TOMB: Near the Damascus Gate, opposite the old walls of Jerusalem, there is a rocky knoll known as Gordon's Calvary. It belongs to an English Society, and the rock-tomb shown in the garden is thought by many scholars to be the Sepulchre of Christ. It was General Gordon who claimed this to be the site of Golgotha

EMMAUS: The Emmaus of the Gospel narrative, associated with the walk of Cleophas on the first Easter Day, is the village of El Kubeleh, to the north-west of Jerusalem. It is exactly three-score furlongs from the Holy City, the distance given in the Gospel story. Its principal attraction is the church built on the foundations of one erected by the Crusaders

# THE FOUR DAYS—(cont.)

**SATURDAY EVENING**

**Time—Shortly after Sunset**

The Sabbath is past, and the narrow streets and bazaars of the lower city have reawakened into life. In an obscure dwelling, far from the proud buildings on the hill, the women are preparing for their secret visit to the grave. They must rise early, since the garden is close to the high road and they fear lest any man should see them. The spices are already prepared. They are tired out with the week's excitement and alarms, and retire early to their rest.

Meanwhile in an apartment adjoining the Royal Palace a deputation is waiting upon Pilate unknown to the teeming multitudes below. It concerns a matter which has now become urgent—the *policing of the tomb*. Jesus is dead. There is no fear of trouble from him. But the disciples are still at large, and no one can predict what is passing in the minds of these turbulent Galileans.

They put it to Pilate that the responsibility is his: "Sir, we remember that this deceiver said, while he was yet alive, 'After three days I rise again.' Command therefore that the sepulchre be made sure, lest haply his disciples come and steal him away." Pilate refuses the request. It is their affair, he suggests brusquely. "Ye have a guard; go your way, make it as sure as ye can."

**SUNDAY**

**Time—Early Morning**

The long night is drawing to a close. The moon is sinking over the western hills, and the first glow of dawn is tinting the eastern sky, as Mary Magdalene, Salome, and the other Mary set out upon their sad journey. Already the city is stirring, for there are vast numbers of pilgrims camping on the hills, and there is food and water to be carried. The watchman at the gate sees them pass, but thinks of them no more.

It is getting lighter now, and they keep to the shadows, lest they should be observed. Their hearts are heavy, and save for an anxious question as to how they shall move the stone, they trudge on in silence.

With quickening pulses they enter the garden and softly approach the tomb. To their surprise the great stone is already rolled away, and looking in they discover a young man "sitting on the right side arrayed in a white robe." As they step back and start to flee from the garden he emerges from the cave and calls after them: "Be not afraid. Ye seek Jesus, the Nazarene. He is not here. Behold the place where they laid him."

But the women are too agitated to heed his message, "for trembling and astonishment had come upon them, and they said nothing to anyone, for they were afraid. . . ."

So the story ends in our oldest manuscript—the famous fragment of St. Mark.

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What did happen in Joseph's garden on that memorable morning over nineteen hundred years ago? In my book, *Who Moved the Stone?* I have tried to give a reasoned answer to that question. It is easy for the modern mind, acutely sensitive to the physical and logical difficulties, to assert that the story of Easter Sunday, as told in the other Gospels, is a very beautiful legend—though a legend for all that. *But is it?* Even a legend must make some sort of peace and adjustment with the facts, and, as I have shown elsewhere, the facts are of a very stubborn kind.

This is neither the place nor the occasion for a detailed discussion of the difficult historical questions involved, but I will venture to record here my own profound conviction that, whatever else be true about that far-off morning, there is one fact too deeply embedded in the literature, and too firmly attested by events, to be other than a fact of history. It is the fact of the vacant Tomb of Christ.

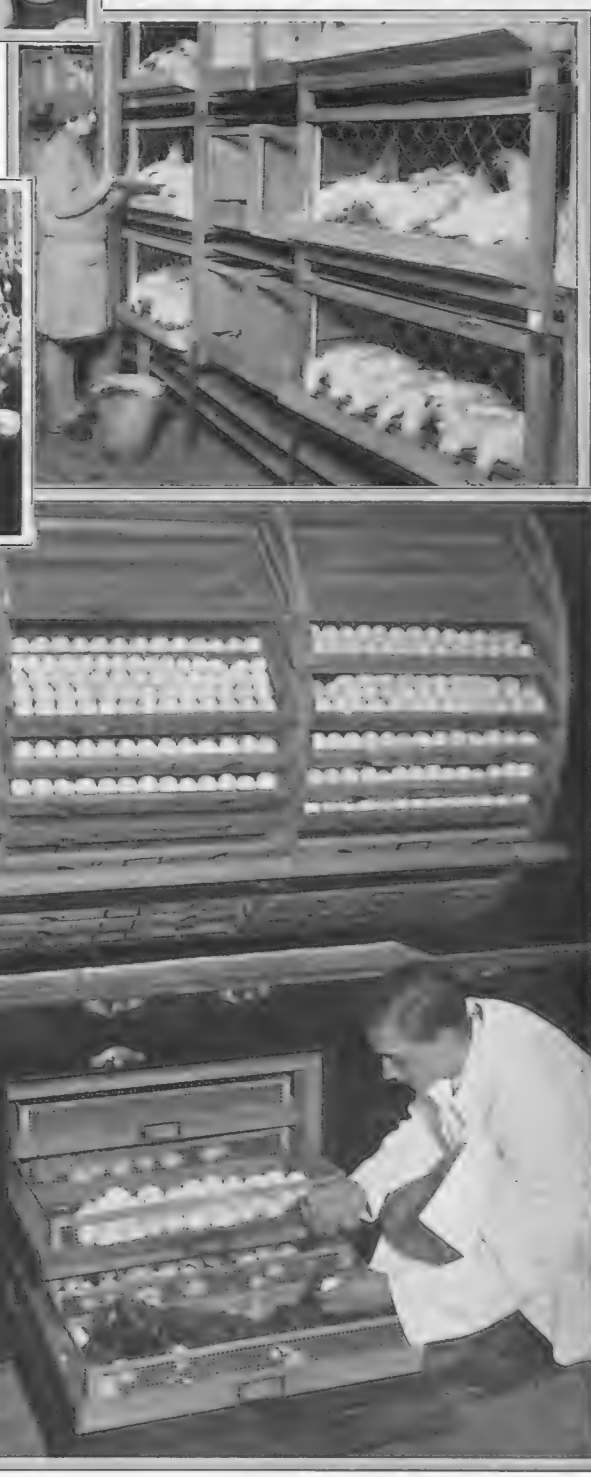
# *The* CHICKEN *and the* EGG

## The Rationalization of a Function Hitherto Left Almost Entirely to Nature

*A TRAYFUL OF "LITTLE PIECES OF FLUFF"! A load of chicks which have just emerged from the shell. They were hatched by incubators at a great poultry farm at Usk, Monmouthshire, where many girls are trained in poultry farming*

*OVAL TRANSPORT! The running band which automatically transports eggs from the nest in which they are laid to the store-room*

*SOCIAL RELAXATION! A scene outside the laying nests at a poultry farm in Germany, where 6,000 head of poultry are kept*



*25,000 AT ONE FELL SWOOP: A gigantic incubator in a poultry farm situated in the heart of Berlin.* **Above** *is seen one aspect of an experimental poultry farm in the Mark of Brandenburg where the hens are kept in cages. The birds in the foreground look as if they had been killed, but they are in fact only voraciously gobbling specially blended food*

*THE CRUCIAL MOMENT: Chickens creep out of their shells.* **Above**—*Eggs are seen being subjected to the rays of a sun-lamp*

Our photographs have been taken in the poultry farm of the Hirsch, Kupfer-Messingwerke A.G. at Finow in the Mark of Brandenburg. This poultry farm holds 6,000 hens, and the whole affair of egg laying has been rationalized very carefully. The hens at this poultry farm actually lay their eggs on a running band, which transports the eggs on the shortest way to the despatch office. The eggs and the other agricultural products are delivered in large modern fitted cars which visit the different quarters of Berlin according to a regular time-table, like the Berlin Bolle cars.

# KING TINO ABSOLVED

## By Sir Basil Thomson in an amazing book

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

It is an extraordinary thing that two books bearing upon the Allies' attitude towards Greece during the War should have been published simultaneously, each contradicting the other. There can be no doubt that Sir Basil Thomson's *The Allied Secret Service in Greece* (Hutchinson. 21s.) will create a great sensation and much head-shaking in the Chancelleries of Europe. It is a fully documented survey of the coercive measures adopted by France and Great Britain towards Greece during her attempt to preserve neutrality, and of the measures taken to misinform the public and to blacken the character of King Constantine. The book is a whole-hearted defence of the King not because Sir Basil is a special pleader, but because the most extraordinary documents of which he has obtained possession leave only one interpretation possible, that the unfortunate King was the victim of a conspiracy, villainous in conception, and carried out with a complete disregard of the decencies that are considered inseparable from public life.

It will be interesting to observe what will be the reply of M. Venizelos to the charges laid against him in this book. They are of a nature that cannot be ignored. The whole book is a documented indictment of Allied Secret Service in Greece, of the attempt of the Allies by money, by false reports, by suppression of facts, by organized insurrections, by military and naval threats, to compel the King to declare himself in favour of the Allies. The case for the King, and certainly Sir Basil proves it, is that he was neither pro-German nor pro-British, that he endeavoured to preserve neutrality, because any declaration in favour of the Allies would have placed his country at the mercy of the enemy at a time when the Allies themselves were incapable of guaranteeing the territorial integrity of Greece. It seems clear that the King pursued the only possible course, and that in doing so he had behind him the majority of his people.

At one time it appears that the Allies, in the endeavour to bribe Bulgaria, actually made a promise of Greek territory—of that very territory which Greece had won in her war against Bulgaria. There was an *idée fixe* in the minds of the Allies that Bulgaria would not join with Germany and Austria, and no passage is more thrilling or in truer keeping with the mysterious undercurrents that are supposed to flow through the ramifications of secret service than that in which Sir Basil Thomson tells the story of King Ferdinand's "feeler." That monarch was concerned as to the fate of his private fortune, of some 37,000,000 francs lodged in the Austrian banks. If he joined the Allies all this money would be confiscated. So one night his private messenger rang the bell of a French deputy's flat and asked whether the Government, if it were victorious in war, would guarantee the King's fortune. A reply was requested within twenty-four hours. M. Delcassé scoffed at the idea of bargaining with King Ferdinand, as it seemed certain that he would not dare to flout the Allies by joining with the enemy, and had the intermediary informed that the question would have to be considered very carefully. The messenger disappeared, and within eight days Bulgaria had declared war against the Allies.

Sir Basil's book bristles with stories of this kind, with grave charges and instances of shameless duplicity. I should have felt inclined to regard them as fictions were it not that the charges are all so well documented, and it becomes clear that Sir Basil, by some means, has had access to evidence and papers that make the charges well-nigh irrefutable.

Perhaps the most astonishing revelation in this amazing book is the one concerning the coaling of the *Goeben* and *Breslau*. It is generally accepted to-day that had not those two vessels been able to slip up the Dardanelles and to anchor off Constantinople, with their threat to the Turkish capital, the War might have been shortened by two or three years and the dreadful chapter of the Dardanelles failure would not have been written. In August, 1914, Venizelos was awakened one morning at 2 o'clock by the German Minister with a request that coal should be given to two German merchant ships. He knew that the coal was destined for the two warships but felt that Greece would be failing in her duty to neutrals if she refused to coal them. He gave instructions to the harbourmaster to give 800 tons of coal for the use of the Germans. The order was written on his visiting-card and is reproduced in facsimile in this book. "This unpretentious visiting-card of M. Venizelos was destined to become one of the most fateful documents of the War. His impulsive folly in writing it laid upon his shoulders a heavier responsibility for the miseries of the nations than is borne by any man living except the ex-Kaiser," says the author.

Perhaps the most perturbing chapter in the book, and the one most discreditable to the policy of the Allies, is that which reveals the bribe that was offered to Bulgaria as an inducement to join the Allies. Contrary to all information, to the expressed opinion of King Constantine, the Allies insisted on believing that Bulgaria would not join the Entente. When Venizelos attempted to rush Greece into an alliance with the Allies, the King refused his consent, firmly convinced that the Dardanelles plan would not succeed and that Greece would then be at the mercy of Bulgaria. It was an opinion held also by Kitchener. Nevertheless, the King did offer the Greek naval and military forces for service against Turkey on certain conditions. These were refused, and the censors in England and France took care that their people should know nothing of these offers. "It will thus be seen that the rock on which Greek intervention on the side of the Allies suffered shipwreck was their refusal to guarantee the territorial integrity of Greece because they hoped to bribe Bulgaria to join them by the promise of Greek and Serbian territory."

The villain of the piece appears to have been de Roquefeuil, the French agent, who stopped at nothing, for he even organized a mock attack by hired Greeks on the French Legation, to hot up the case against the King. There now appears "a certain English novelist who had been given temporary rank as lieutenant in the British Army, and appointed local head of the British Intelligence. The vaudeville antics of the British service were less politically dangerous than the proceedings of de Roquefeuil, but when the Athens police reported to King Constantine that British officers were mobilizing Greek chorus girls as intelligence agents, and had publicly driven them about in official cars, the harm done to British prestige among the Greeks was not negligible." Here, undoubtedly, Mr. Compton Mackenzie comes into the picture, and how different were the readings of character from those of Sir Basil Thomson may be seen in many parallel passages.

| Thomson | Mackenzie |
|---|---|
| Gounaris was an able lawyer and a man of high moral principle besides being a mine of accurate information on a wide range of subjects, and a brilliant and persuasive speaker. | There are those who found Gounaris fascinating. For me his long, lank figure and sponge-coloured beard and soft speech had a repulsion that no snake has had. |

Sir Basil Thomson refers to the services of an American correspondent Paxton Hibben, who endeavoured to get the truth about King Constantine through to his papers, but found his dispatches held up at Malta, and that those which had gone through had been so expurgated that they were not worth reading. Sir Basil applauds his courage in attempting to tell the truth about the King, but Mr. Compton Mackenzie sees in him only an hysterical, drunken fool. Again and again these two authors are thus ranged against each other, and it must be said for Sir Basil that his facts are documented and not mere expressions of opinion. The ultimate blockade of Greece, with the misery inflicted on the inhabitants and the forced abdication of the King, constitute an appalling indictment of the French, and to some extent of the British who acquiesced in one of the most high-handed proceedings in the history of the war. Plainly Sir Basil Thomson's charges cannot be left on the table. Here is a book that demands an answer, if answer there can be. The King Constantine that emerges from his pages is a very different figure from the libelled monarch who was held up to the Allied Press as a monster of treachery and duplicity. His last words had a prophetic note. To Admiral Mark Kerr he said at Lausanne, in November 1920, "The British are the fairest-minded people in the world, and when they are allowed to know the truth they will acquit me." In this astonishing book we are allowed to know some of the truth. The patient and most extraordinary investigation made by Sir Basil Thomson must result in an entire revision of the verdict passed upon the character and policy of the dead King. Even allowing for the fact that Sir Basil may have become a special pleader there are facts and documents in this book, never before revealed, obtained in a manner that passes comprehension, that cannot be ignored, and which throw an unpleasant light on the manipulation of public opinion by great Powers ruthless in achieving the ends they seek.

While in the realm of propaganda and the dissemination of untruths we may turn to G. S. Viereck's *Spreading Germs of Hate* (Duckworth. 12s. 6d.), which is the story of the propaganda conducted by both sides in the Great War with the hope of enlisting the help of America. Here is plot and counter-plot of Germans and British resorting to every trick. Money was poured into the United States by the belligerents, newspapers were purchased—and men. "The biggest of the propaganda guns was H. G. Wells. Every detonation of his pen thundered throughout the world and reverberated with special force in the U.S.A. Similarly the British Government exploited with great perspicacity the candour of George Bernard Shaw." It is sad to be reminded that *Punch* stooped so low as to make copy of the monstrous charge that Germany made use of her corpses. Viereck calls it the "master hoax of the World War." The myth of the Kadaververwertungsanstalt (Establishment for the Utilization of Corpses), sprung from the brain of General Charteris, was one of the devices employed by British propaganda to catapult China, where the respect of the bodies of the dead is a religion, into the World War. It was taken seriously in England and America. General Charteris did not believe that the story would be taken seriously anywhere outside of China, but the *Lancet* discussed the practical aspect of the new German industry. When Charteris was questioned he avoided a reply.

I wonder what is the authority of the author for saying that Lord Fisher addressed a letter to Admiral Tirpitz on March 26, 1916, saying, "I don't blame you for the submarine business. I'd have done the same myself, only our idiots in England wouldn't believe it when I told 'em"? This is a book to make one dizzy and almost to despair of the human race. If it appears a somewhat heavy indictment of the Allies it should be remembered that the German propaganda, as the author points out, never gained the ear of the world. It was equally monstrous and ingenious.

It is pleasant to turn from these books of intrigue and ill-will to the most charming domestic drama presented by the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*—I wish Lady Russell would drop that cumbersome name *Father* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.) Here is almost an English counterpart of *The Enchanted April*, but in this case it is the story of a faithful daughter's revolt against her father when he brings home a young wife and expects her to carry on as usual. Father is a most distinguished novelist, one of that small band whose fame depends on the inability of the public to read their works. Like most of these precious scribes he is quite devoid of a sense of humour. When he leaves for his honeymoon, expecting his daughter to remain behind to correct his chapters, Jen saw her chance and went off to a cottage in the country. Then follow one of those delicious episodes of flowers and calm days and rich meadows, and a little lovemaking that has made Lady Russell the finest literary miniature artist of our day. There is even the amorous parish priest. In a setting so old, a situation so trite, Lady Russell suddenly makes us realize that the oldest, most worn material can be woven anew. In every line there is a happy turn, in every situation a neat twist, with that underplay of humour which never fails, and makes all her characters hang up their hats in our house and assume the bodily shape of those we know in the flesh. Delicious is that moment when the young wife runs away to the young daughter, who suddenly finds herself preaching the sacred doctrine of one's duty to father, particularly when father is a genius. And in the end the old nuisance dies, as quietly, as nicely, as neatly as Lady Russel makes her people live. One hears of gold-tipped pens. Here is one.

## Recommended List:

**Georgian England,** *by A. E. Richardson* **(Batsford. 21s. net).**—A survey of the social, trade, and art life of England from 1700 to 1820. Splendidly illustrated with 261 plates, a pictorial and prose survey that vividly presents a period of English history filled with character.

**Through War to Revolution,** *by A. Dosch-Fleurot* **(Bodley Head. 10s. 6d. net).**—These vivid reminiscences by an American correspondent cover the burning of Louvain, the B.E.F., an episode in Egypt, and a most startling participation in the Russian Revolution. An eye witness of all he writes, the author, there is candour and keen observation in these scenes through the stormy days of 1914–20.

**The Boat-House Riddle,** *by J. J. Connington* **(Gollancz. 7s. 6d. net).**—The return of Sir Clinton Driffield and his discovery of the murderer of a gamekeeper—a true Connington mystery with the solution well delayed.

**The Visitant,** *by Ludwig Tugel* **(Secker. 7s. 6d. net).**—A clever study in obsession. A neurotic husband commits suicide and returns in the soul of another man to effect the conquest he failed to achieve. Vivid, sensuous writing.

**The Screen,** *by Ann Stokes* **(Benn. 7s. 6d. net).**—The first of a thin paper series of novels, highly commendable for neatness and legibility. The story is somewhat sinister, based on a daughter's knowledge of her father's crime, but is well worked out and narrated.

# The Gardens of a ROYAL HOUSE of TWICKENHAM

***Now Thrown Open to the General Public***

*RADNOR HOUSE: This is near Pope's Villa and was also secured by the Twickenham Council. Here Pope and Warburton first met. It was purchased as a museum*

*THE RIVER FACE OF OLD YORK HOUSE: This aspect is seen from the bridge which crosses the lane leading from Twickenham Ferry to the terraced garden seen in the view below. The picture inset below shows the actual river front of the gardens, which are now open to the public*

*AT YORK HOUSE: The wonderful Venus fountain group, bought by Sir Ratan Tata from Whitaker Wright, in the gardens of York House, which derives its name from the fact that it was the country seat of James II before his accession. The building, reflecting the dignity of an age long past, has been acquired as a municipal H.Q. by the T.D.C.*

Twickenham is a district rich in memories of the aristocratic tradition. James II lived at York House for many years before his accession, while previously it had been given to the Earl of Clarendon, to whose daughter the last Stuart King was married. In Radnor House Pope and Warburton married, the latter, as a result of the poet's introduction, gaining subsequently a wealthy wife and the bishopric of Gloucester. The Duke of Argyll, Sir William Chambers, the famous Scottish architect, Louis Philippe I (when Duke of Orleans), Turner, Bohn, the famous publisher, Tennyson, Dickens (when writing *Oliver Twist*), Sir John Lubbock (afterwards Lord Avebury), and Val Prinsep, R.A., are a few of the distinguished people who lived part of their lives on this charming stretch of the riverside.

# "THE PLAY'S THE THING"

## BY PHILIP PAGE

*A REVIVAL OF* THE CIRCLE: *Miss Athene Seyler, with Mr. Allan Aynesworth (in his original rôle) and Sir Nigel Playfair (in the part originally created by the late E. Holman Clark), in the Somerset Maugham revival which follows a play by the same author at the Vaudeville Theatre*

### Chauve-Souris.

Who, indeed, would have thought, when the Chauve Souris first arrived among us, and M. Balieff first smiled his way through the curtains and talked in far better English than he does now, that a day would come when English actors and actresses would form part of his company? There was nothing quite so utterly foreign as these Russians in those days, for we were seeing players who actually had acted in Russia instead of having to be content with reading about what Mr. Gordon Craig had done at the Moscow Art Theatre, and what he might or could or would or perhaps will or probably won't do here. Yet here they are at the Cambridge Theatre with Mr. George Hayes, Miss Lydia Sherwood, and Miss Marie Ault, not merely doing their little bit, but doing a very big bit, and standing out much more prominently than any of the Russians, not even excepting M. Balieff himself.

I take the "Queen of Spades" episode first, because it forms the most important part of the programme and incomparably the best part. I do not quite know why this story by Poushkin of an impecunious young officer who frightened literally to death an old Countess in order to extract from her the secret of how to gamble and be sure of winning, should have been so widely acclaimed as something new and strange. We have seen it in this country as the Ghetto of Tchaikovsky's opera, *Pique Dame*, and in several other forms as well. But never has it been seen with such an effective setting as that provided by M. Komisarjevsky, who can get the maximum effect with, apparently, the minimum of means. Rarely have I enjoyed such bizarrely-simple scenes as this very gifted person has set before us. For if the English acting is of the highest quality, the credit must largely go to Russia, to Poushkin, to Komisarjevsky, to M. Archangelsky (who has written some effective but unobtrusive incidental music), and to M. Balieff, who doubtless supervised the whole thing and "saw that it was good."

Mr. George Hayes, who hitherto has done good work in comparative obscurity, has by his performance as Hermann leapt right into the front rank as a tragedian. It was good to see a young man taking hold of what they used to call in the profession "a bit of the old" and not being afraid to let himself go. Miss Marie Ault, whom I seem to associate solely with elderly Chinese nurses, makes an uncanny figure of the Countess, incredibly old, who had received her secret from Cagliostro at Versailles in 1775, only to find that it proved the death of her in 1830. There was a justifiable touch of exaggeration in her performance, just as the chairs and tables and the footmen's hats were also exaggerated. This all added to the dream-like fantasy of the best half-hour or so I have spent in the theatre for a long time.

The rest of the programme was not quite up to the Balieff standard. There was nothing in it as good as, for instance, "The King orders the Drums to be Beaten," or "The Black Hussars." But that standard is so high that one can bear with equanimity a slight falling-off. M. Balieff's own "turns" are, perhaps, the best of all, and the "sonks" are rarely as good as his announcement of them. But the leaping and prancing of a strangely protuberant young lady as Diana of the Chase were striking, and the burlesque of a French opera of the 'sixties was really very funny indeed. Long ago I placed on my private black list three things that should not be burlesqued on the stage—opera, boxing, and village choral societies. Not because there is anything inherently sacred about any of these. But because there has hardly been a review or a pierrotic entertainment for the last twenty years and more that has not included one or all of these methods of extracting laughter from tired business men. There are at present two burlesque boxing bouts in two London revues (if the reprieve for the Cochran revue is still holding good by the time these profound observations appear), and that in the Chaplin film is a third. Nearly every woman who ever tries to be funny on the stage pads herself, puts on a silly wig, and sings "Il Bacio" out of tune on purpose. But the Chauve-Souris have managed to give a new and successful twist to this ancient, ancient wheeze.

### "Widowers' Houses."

There is a wave of Shaw-baiting. *The Apple Cart* having run merrily on in spite of having been greeted (with old-world charm) as the "senile ravings of a pantaloon," one had to wait for the revival of *Fanny's First Play* at the Court Theatre for the attacks to be renewed. This amusing and quite unpretentious little comedy was jumped upon and disparaged (largely because it was said to have "dated"), and yet it played and, as I write, is still playing to such excellent business that the run originally arranged for it had to be extended. The Stage Society revived *Widowers' Houses* the other day, and it was instantly greeted as "Shaw's worst play." But is it? It is certainly not Shaw's best play. It is a very early one, and the social reformer in the author is constantly at war with the dramatist. Yet there is more meat, more genuine character drawing, and more clashing of provocative ideas in *Widowers' Houses* than in many a play that has a six months' run to-day.

Mr. Cedric Hardwicke played Lickcheese, the unpleasantly obsequious little rent-collector, horrified by losing his job, who suddenly becomes a rich man on rather farcical lines. He went out for laughs—and got them. I saw little Jimmy Welsh play this part in the long-ago; he was a trifle more human and infinitely nastier. Miss Marjorie Mars found little opportunity to be tempestuous but plenty of opportunity to be charming—a business in which she finds no difficulty whatsoever at any time.

Is there not a good deal of nonsense in the constant argument that Shaw's earlier plays are out-of-date because they deal to a large extent with problems that have been solved or have solved themselves? *Fanny's First Play* touches on woman's suffrage—and women now have the vote.

*Widowers' Houses* is built round slum property and, though there are still slums, there are fewer of them, and if we are to believe Mr. Greenwood there will soon be none at all—only nice little flats and houses inhabited solely by Mr. Greenwood's myriad of inspectors and officials and other blessings of bureaucracy. Yet these plays have intrinsic value as plays and preserve an amazing amount of vitality. It would be just as foolish to argue that Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* is out of date because Cæsar was murdered rather a long time ago, and because nobody really cares what happened to Brutus. Robert and Elizabeth Browning have been dead for many years. Are we on that account not to go to *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*?

### A New Comedian.

American comedians have slumped somewhat of late, and "wise-cracking" is at a discount. But there is a mighty amount of fun to be had in watching the antics of a new comedian from America, Mr. Roy Cummings, who made a distinct hit at the Palladium. Mr. Cummings does not say funny things, he does them. He takes flying jumps at the back cloth, picks imaginary daisies, and half-strangles his partner. Not since Mr. Herb. Williams crossed the Atlantic to join a Vaudeville revue have I laughed so much at anyone from America. There are no half measures about U.S. comics; if they are good they are very, very good, and if they are bad they are simply dreadful. I fancy we shall see quite a lot of Mr. Cummings, in spite of the fact that London's music halls are growing unbeautifully less in number.

While I wish the Coliseum every success in its career as a house of a full-length play—it seems to be forgotten that it went in for much the same sort of thing in *Sumurun* just before the war, and that, like the new production, came from Germany—it is not improbable that one day we shall see it back again in its old capacity, to which I trust it will play. Even the standard lamps, the flowers in pots, the grand piano, and the refined musical act had their points, and furnished an opportunity of spending an afternoon in an atmosphere of unquestioned respectability.

*MAINLY RUSSIAN: A scene from the old French opera item in* Chauve-Souris *which, with the inimitable Nikita Balieff, is once again delighting London, this time at the Cambridge Theatre. The purely indigenous items are the strongest and most effective*

# "GOOD LOSERS"

*Special Pictures of the Collaboration between Messrs. Michael Arlen and Walter Hackett, which provides at the Whitehall Theatre a Magnificent Medium for the Delicious Vagueness of Miss Marion Lorne*

*GOOD LOSERS: Mr. Ian Hunter and Mr. Francis Lister, once officers in the Army and Navy, and now flunkey and gigolo at the night club where the action of this priceless thriller takes place. Both actors give an excellent performance*

*A WELCOME INTERRUPTION: Miss Lane's interposition saves Miss Marion Lorne as the ducal, but inefficient, newspaper correspondent from dropping a serious brick during cross-examination by Mr. Eric Maturin in the rôle of the detective*

*A KIND HEART IS A HANDICAP: Miss Lorne accedes to the request for aid on behalf of his friend advanced by Mr. Ian Hunter*

*CLOAK-ROOM ATTENDANT AND GOSSIP WRITER—formerly engaged, when he was an N.O. and she the social butterfly suited to her father's ducal rank*

*APOLOGY: Miss Cathleen Nesbitt regrets she has suspected Mr. Francis Lister of the murder of his friend*

*THE NIGHT CLUB: The main scene in which the action of the complex and breeless thriller concocted by Messrs. Arlen and Hackett takes place. Messrs. R. A. Shines and F. Dale, Miss de Quenton, Messrs. Russell Gorton and Guy Naylor, Miss Marjorie Geach, Mr. Lewis Broughton, Miss Bruce Lockhart, Mr. Terence Ranson, Miss Joan Cary, Messrs. Basil Moss and Antony Holles are seen above.* Inset—*Mr. Francis Lister and Miss Joan Marion as the gigolo and his dancing partner*

# THE COMING EASTER IN SOVIET RUSSIA

## No Great Pageantry of the Passion as in Former Years. The Stifling Atmosphere of the Atheistic State. Actual Conditions Admirably Reflected in a New Volume, "Russia at Random," by Owen Tweedy. (Jarrolds)

An obviously truthful narrative on present-day conditions in Leningrad and Moscow, Mr. Owen Tweedy succeeds in giving one a very clear impression of the atmosphere in which the coming Easter in Russia will be passed. Mr. Tweedy recently visited the two great cities of Soviet Russia as one of a party of permitted tourists, and during his visit was taken to several of the famous churches. Here are his personal impressions as he walked and talked with his first Soviet lady guide who was christened the vicar's wife and also was his second lady guide in Moscow.

Our first stop was at the Cathedral of St. Isaac—I never heard of him as a saint before. It is a huge building, square, and with the orthodox Russian arrangement of cupolas, one large one in the middle surrounded by four smaller. From outside it was a dingy grey green and looked to be in decay. In any case its appearance was in keeping with the drabness of its surroundings. The steps were badly chipped; men, women, and children lounged under the portico and against the walls, much as our own people lounge about in Trafalgar Square; weeds grew on the pavement before the entrance. But once inside, I got that relief of contrast which I ached for. It was almost vulgarly colourful. The screen which almost entirely hid the altar was broken by huge malachite pillars gleaming bright as emeralds: flanking each side of the entrance to the altar were two of lapis lazuli which had almost the fire of the sapphire; and this riot of colour was set in an exuberance of golden ornamentation which shone and shone again through the cathedral gloom which filled the place.

St. Isaac's has now closed its doors to worshippers. Under the new order of things it is to be a museum of the church, and doubtless it will become one of the best known tourist stages in Leningrad. And equally, doubtless, guides will continue to stress, in their description of the cathedral, the price which had to be paid in money and life for its construction. We were told that thousands of serfs worked year in, year out—winter and summer—digging and pile-driving through the mud of the Neva delta, before sufficient solidity was achieved to stand the weight of so enormous a pile.

Once across, we turned sharp left for our visit to the notorious Peter-Paul Prison. It is a military zone in essence, but it is also a town in itself with living houses and the Peter Paul Church where all the Tsars since Peter the Great lie buried. We entered under an archway cut through the fortifications. A slovenly guard, their rifles resting between their knees, sat on the edge of the roadway; inside, a soldier was leading a limping horse; a few idlers in dirty uniforms scratched their backs against a barrack wall. In this atmosphere there was absolutely nothing of fortress smartness. We were first shown all round the church. In ways it is beautiful; in ways, with its rows and rows of Tsars' sarcophagi, it is pathetic; and in its day it must have been really impressive. Everywhere, up the pillars and on the walls, were nails from which had hung the gold and silver wreaths, placed there by the Imperial family in honour of the mighty dead. Four years ago, when famine invaded the country, all had been taken down and the metals melted into bars to pay for grain imported from abroad. We walked slowly round the sarcophagi. All are of white marble and uniform in size and design. All save one. It is of green polished marble and larger and more elaborate than the others. The vicar's wife paused.

"This is Alexander II who was murdered. You saw the Church of the Resurrection before lunch. This tomb, like the church, was built at great expense to convey the fiction that all Russia was mourning."

When we were leaving, one of the party asked where Nicholas II, the last Tsar, was buried.

"He had prepared his tomb in a chapel," she said calmly, "but of course he never used it." . . .

Crossing the bridge which connects the first of the islands with Leningrad proper, we overtook a white trolley-like cart which was being briskly pulled over the cobbles by a well-fed pony. It was a hearse, and on it was a coffin. It was unattended save by the driver. I suggested to our guide that the coffin, the lid of which was obviously loose, was empty.

"Oh, no. There's a body inside. It is going to be buried."

"But," I said, "there is nobody in it—no relatives, no priest. The Russian funerals I have seen in Jerusalem were always accompanied by the family of the dead person and usually by a priest."

She shrugged her shoulders. "That has all been dropped here. That body will be brought by the driver to some cemetery where a grave has been dug for it, and the driver and the grave-digger will bury it and that will be all. Of course there may be a priest there to say a prayer; but even that's rare nowadays. Your Jerusalem is still *ancien régime*. We're not like that."

And the conversation ended as quickly as it had begun. I did not attempt to prolong it. It was hopeless. Incidentally, during our three days in Russia we saw only one priest.

In Moscow the author was also conveyed to several famous churches. Our first halt was at the Church of the Redeemer which we had seen earlier from the level of the river. The plateau on which it stands commands far and wide; but we were mainly interested in the new Government offices which are being built on the other side of the Moskwa. They are simply colossal—so colossal indeed, that we hazarded the opinion that all Whitehall could easily be housed in them. The Soviet bureaucracy must be attaining pretty formidable dimensions. But Madame did not like us wasting our time on views and hurried us inside the church. The absence of chairs and pews made it appear enormous. But the interior, though elaborate and in ways effective, lacks intimacy. It seemed brand new, and perhaps it will always seem brand new. Its emptiness left Madame with little to say. But what she said was with a purpose. We were standing before the low daïs on which stood the Tsar's and the Tsarina's thrones. They were raised perhaps three feet above the level of the pavement.

"In the days of the Church, everyone stood, save the Tsars. They could sit. And everyone, save the Tsars, was on the same floor level. The Tsars, on their daïs, were raised above the masses. For according to the theories of Tsarism, the Ruler of all the Russias, as representative of God on earth, stood, so to speak, between the people and the Almighty—a person sanctified and above criticism, able to do whatever he liked for good or for evil."

It was rather pathetic to hear her. We asked whether the church was still open, and whether services were well attended. She shrugged her shoulders.

"Not very," she said, "but they do say prayers here on what was Sunday. The worshippers are few—perhaps twenty or thirty—but as long as they support the church it will stay open."

Apparently the Revolution has disestablished the Russian Church. The disestablishment also meant disendowment and the confiscation of all Church property. Everything passed automatically to the State, and the State at the same time refused to help the Church financially. Its plight is piteous. The State does not close churches, but they cannot remain open unless they have resources. Many have failed and are closed. Those that survive depend on the private support of the few remaining devout in Russia. When that source of revenue dries up they too will shut their doors. Madame was matter-of-fact and indifferent. To her the Church was a menace to freedom, and she had no regrets for a religion which, according to her, had been second only to Tsarism itself as a malevolent agency in the country.

"But," we said in comment, "we have seen pictures of churches in Russia which have been forcibly converted by your Government into warehouses."

"Of course they have." Madame looked at us almost pityingly. "You wouldn't expect us to leave them unused after they have had to be closed owing to lack of support. We are short of warehouses as well as of ordinary houses. If a church which has to be closed is historical it becomes a State museum—as this one will; if it has no associations it is taken into public use."

"But," we persisted, "some churches have been commandeered against the wishes of the clergy."

"Possibly," she replied. "Why not?"

The party paused outside the Anti-Religious Museum. We wanted to go inside (continues Mr. Tweedy), but Madame said that was impossible. She had never been inside herself. It apparently contains the archives of the anti-religion propagandist department of the Government. From it are organized the courses of anti-religious lectures which are a feature of the curriculum of every State school in the country. Madame explained all this absolutely naturally. She might have been telling us how potatoes were cooked in Russia, and we were in amazement lost. When people make startling statements, as though they were dull matters of fact, even the hardiest heckler becomes tongue-tied. Madame concluded:

"Religion can only survive so long as it does not interrupt the material progress of the Socialist and Communist system. If it becomes a drag on progress, it must go to the wall. That is what all our youth is being taught."

A prospector busy on a West Australian gold working

# THE GOLDEN EAGLE

## How it was Found

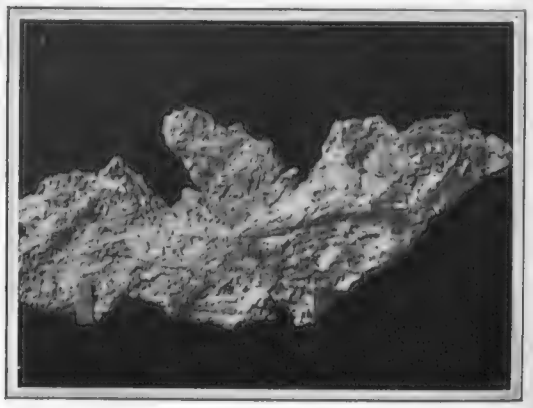
It has been said that those young men and women born in 1914 will have adventurous lives. Is this statement based on the belief that the conditions prevailing during a child's birth will influence his life? Some say that the 1914 babies that struggled into the war-shadowed world in 1914 will have to combat fierce storm and stress. Perhaps! But young Jim Larcombe can claim the adventure, and the piece of luck that must contribute comfort and ease for some time to come. For it was none but Jim who unearthed the nugget that has just been bought by the Western Australian Government for £5,438 4s. 2d.

Ah, it is only an Australian who knows what his brothers have gone through to find gold: how many lives have been lost in the pursuit; the cruel thirst that has come to men on waterless, shadeless stretches, isolated from his kind; to many it has meant damning disappointment, to some it has brought Fortune.

Not many weeks before the Golden Eagle was found, the twenty-five-yard-square claim was given up by a prospector. He assured the paternal Larcombe that he didn't think there was any gold there; he hadn't seen a trace of it in the long six weeks of work; he was "fed up." "I'll give it a fly," said Mr. Larcombe.

Jim at this time was a mere factor in the transit of wood to the Coolgardie State battery—forty miles away. But it was heavy work for a lad of seventeen years, and his father invited him to Larkinville. He knew nothing about prospecting. But if his father's first yield from the shaker realized "two colours" and a sixpence—of all things!—surely it augured more to follow. There are men, old, grey, wearied, whose lips and lives express Disappointment in their long searches for gold. Jim Larcombe spent two days! to find lying eighteen inches below surface a dirty dull golden object that was to change his life. Men had made long tramps above it, all unknowing, innocent of its still, startling presence. Ignorant of its value, Jim, the stoic, casually carried the heavy object to his father; although only twenty-six inches long, it weighed 1,135 oz. 15 dwts. The excited parent rushed out yelling "Sluggo! Sluggo! Sluggo!" Men ran from all directions, amazed, clamouring to see the fortune that lay in one man's grasp. They carried the wonderful thing to their bough shed, then off to Coolgardie, where it lay outside a hotel from eight till twelve at night, stared at and fingered caressingly by excited crowds.

Mr. Larcombe knew it was safe; "there are no thieves in Coolgardie," he said. And because the news might prove too much for her, a message sent to Jim's mother described the nugget's weight as 25 oz.! "They thought I might faint," she said, hurt, "but I cried with joy!"



The £5,000 nugget, known as the Golden Eagle, found in Australia early this year

# The Young Idea

## *Children of Charm and Kiddies in the News*

*UNCONSCIOUS ARTISTRY: Miss Mary Cole, one of the most enchanting of the many enchanting mites who participated in the children's matinée at the Cambridge Theatre last week. The entire pose is one of naive and completely unforced and unattempted artistry*

*NOT FROM THE ZUYDER ZEE! The Misses Louise and Liane Harrison, twin-sisters, in fancy dress at a fancy dress children's birthday party held last month at the Hyde Park Hotel by Mrs. Maxwell Chance for her daughter*

*THE CREATOR OF THE POLICE FORCE! Sir Robert Peel, played by Miss Jane Blois, at the Victorian Court Matinée, held at the Cambridge Theatre, in which Lady Mary Cambridge portrayed her great ancestor, Queen Victoria*

*"NOW WE ARE VERY YOUNG!" Miss Anne Chisnel, aged two years, at the fancy dress party given at the Hyde Park Hotel by Miss Maribel Chance*

**Moffat**

*OF THE VIKING STRAIN: The Lady Glentanar, formerly Froeken Grethe Dagbjört Thoresen of Oslo, with her little daughter, the Hon. Margaret Jean Dagbjört Coats, who is 2½ years old. Lord Glentanar is the second Baron, having succeeded in 1918. The peerage was created two years before the death of the first lord*

*ACTING IN THE CHILDREN'S MATINEE: Miss Thea Wilmer*

*MAINLY OPTICAL! Mr. J. Brown, a well-known Hollywood comedian, shows his baby daughter, Mary Ann Elizabeth, "the place where Daddy works." She is arrayed in gigantic smoked glasses*

# THE WORLD OF WOMEN

**A Complete Weekly Section of "The Sphere," Incorporating a Wide Variety of Feminine Interests**

## Is the Age of Chivalry Dead?

*discusssed by*

MARY CROSBIE

*Author of "There and Back Again," "The Old Road," etc.*

*Drawing by Anita Parkhurst*

Sir Walter Raleigh, spreading his cloak in the mud that Queen Elizabeth might go dry-shod, is a pretty figure, but it is possible that there was as much shrewdness as gallantry in it. It is worth while to spoil a good cloak if a queen pay you for it with her patronage. Gallantry usually asks payment in some sort. That perhaps is what distinguishes it from chivalry, which asks no recompense. Yet whether you call it chivalry that moved Sir Walter, or mere gallantry (which is chivalry of a mountebank quality), he might have been sparing of either if he lived to-day and travelled by tube during the rush hours, in company with a horde of women whose presence reminds him that the labour market is over-stocked. An underground train is chivalry's tomb as well as its doom, and its epitaph is "pass farther down the car, please." A woman can claim nothing as a woman, and a man has no duties as a man, underground; except in the case of some such emergency as may cost you £5 for an improper use of it. We are all resolved into a common selfishness. We are wage-earning moles or overworked worms when we leave the sky behind. The plunge into the earth has a dim sense of peril, maybe, as though we should never burrow our way up to the sun again. It seems best to look discreetly to ourselves and let others do the same. Up above, the active conflict of elbows and umbrellas that enables us to board a bus is barbarous but human. Down here the impassivity of marble (or, more exactly, of washable tiles) weights us. A mausoleum is not kindly.

So Sir Walter sits tight, screened by his newspaper, while a row of females hangs on straps overhead, like reach-me-downs swinging outside an East End tailor's or marionettes out of a job. His last vestige of chivalry makes him pretend that he doesn't see them, but that he would spring up at once if he did. That is why the newspaper is so usefully enveloping.

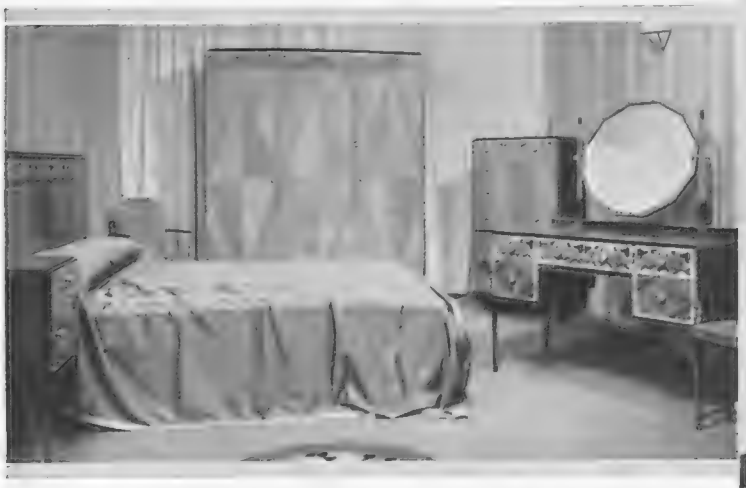
He should not be blamed. Times have changed. It is foolish to lament the good old days, if only because nobody knows when they were — knows, that is, when the old days were good. Not in Charles Lamb's time, that prided itself upon "a certain obsequiousness or deferential respect which we are supposed to pay to females, as females." Charles, in whom chivalry was native, would believe in his countrymen's deferential respect to females "when I no longer see a woman standing up in the pit of a London theatre." But then you can't imagine Charles rocking in a tube. The field-path to Islington may have been no more idyllic—the outskirts of London were malodorous with refuse heaps and vociferous with dog-fights—but he was walking, not penned beneath the earth in a machine. He had leisure to meditate and to linger and to feel the kindling sun. A man in a perpetual hurry, whose life is tied to a schedule, who must digest the form of the Cup Finalists between the "Bush" (as he hurriedly names it to the ticket clerk) and the Bank, is aware of female society only as a symptom of overcrowding. The day when travelling with anything in a bonnet excited an instant wish to know whether the bonnet screened "fine eyes" has gone with the bonnets.

There is, in somebody's early nineteenth century memoirs, a young man who called upon Lady Blank to ask after the health of her sister. Miss Dash, said Lady Blank, regretfully, was in bed recovering from a shock. She had been out driving the previous day when suddenly the coachman reined in his horses and drew to the side of the road, while the footman jumped from the box and presented a respectfully agitated face at the carriage window. One of them there new-tangled omnibuses was approaching. The lady looked out, saw the democratic monster in the distance, and fainted as soon as she had bidden the fellow go to the horses' heads. Those were days when a female *was* a female, God bless her. That was the kind of thing to merit dear Charles Lamb's "certain obsequiousness." The woman of to-day, with a brow so bare that Lady Oxford once described it as looking "like a knee," with her sports and her salary, her independence, and her attaché case, merits nothing of the sort. "Should a Gentleman ever precede a Lady in entering a room?" once asked an anxious correspondent in the etiquette column of a polite journal. "A Gentleman should never precede a Lady in entering a room," replied Lady Clara, who edited the column with a pipe in her mouth and a tankard of Barclay and Perkins on the table, "save when there is a burglar in it or a fire." Conflagration only could reverse the position of the sexes then. Now the common badge of an attaché case makes us all equal in slavery.

Chivalry of the "deferential respect" sort is so out of date that a man probably feels shy of offering his seat to a "female." To do so is to be politer than his fellows, and it is horrible to most Englishmen to be more so than the rest. If the female says she is getting out at the next station and she nearly always is, his embarrassment is extreme. "Gallantry was at last beat by nature," says Trollope, when Katie in "The Three Clerks" danced with a polite Frenchman, who was so used "to obey all ladies' wishes" that he danced on and on until she should signify her wish to stop; and thus nearly died of his exertions. Gallantry usually is beat by nature.

## The USES of INLAY

Of a subtle, rather than a spectacular character, is the part played in our modern furnishing schemes by inlay, in which respect it differs from much of the traditional work of its kind. There is a tendency to extol that—the achievements of the eighteenth-century marqueteurs and inlayers—at the expense of the reputation of our craftsmen of to-day; but, as an actual fact, the best of these have nothing at all to fear by the comparison, for they are turning out inlay which is not only exquisite now, but which will, if properly treated, endure, always remaining exquisite for generations.



Inlay work is here employed, mainly as a bordering in this modern bedroom suite

This matter of treatment, by the way, must be given really serious consideration in view of modern heating arrangements. It should, for instance, be realized that in no circumstances whatever ought valuable inlay to be kept in any room which is habitually warmed to more than a moderate temperature. Excessive heat causes blistering and cracking, and eventually disintegration.

Inlay makes two very practical contributions to modern furnishing schemes. It supplies incident, and it is quite invaluable in fulfilling a colour purpose. The former was of course, its original *raison d'être*. It appeared thousands of years ago on the fascinating furniture of the ancient Egyptians and Assyrians, whose couches and chairs and stools were most wonderfully inlaid with wrought ivory and turquoise, bone, and ebony.

A mahogany table with an edge-banding of satinwood, and a mahogany chair inlaid with ebony and sycamore

It is obvious that incident is not lacking in furniture thus treated; but if we follow the pictorial progress of this form of applied ornament through the ages, we shall see that it has been left to our modern designers and craftsmen to create inlay which supplies incident without ostentation. In the elaborate William and Mary pieces, made when the vogue for inlay and marqueterie was at fever height, it is almost impossible (if one may utilise a very apropos old folk saying) to see the wood for the trees. But the modern method with woods is of an exquisite simplicity, rooted in an understanding study and appreciation of Nature's own inimitable way with grain and colour. An edge-banding—generally plain, but sometimes cross-cut, herring-boned or feathered; perhaps a small formal design, such as the coral pink spray of flowers which decorated a greywood suite chosen by ex-King Amanullah when he was in England; at the most, a narrow band of coloured "insertion," such as we see on this bedroom suite; that is modern inlay at its best.

**M. Sherriff Mott**

# THE WORLD OF WOMEN (cont.)

This bedstead will make a strong appeal to those who delight in the atmosphere of the East. Its head board is of red lacquer with elaborate carving richly gilt. The bedspread is of soft green satin embroidered with a design of cherry blossoms. The lamp standard with its silken shade is also of red lacquer

According to Professor Joseph Hoffmann, who designed this Viennese interior, a bed-chamber should contain nothing besides a bed and a bedside table. This is the acme of the modern cult for space and airiness in a bedroom.

Built-in cupboards form a fascinating feature of this "best bedroom" designed by W. H. Gaze and Sons, Ltd., of Kingston-on-Thames. The skilful use of old oak is also one of its outstanding attractions. The electric light fittings, the curtains, and the furnishings were also evolved by Messrs. Gaze

This is a bedstead specially designed in relation to its setting by H. G. Gordon Holt, A.R.I.B.A. Unmistakably modern in certain details of treatment, it recalls nevertheless the frivolous charm of eighteenth-century France by its canopy and by the subtlety of its colour harmonies. The bed itself is painted light pink and cream, the mouldings being picked out in green and deep mauve

This Tudor interior is a far cry from the Spartan simplicity of the Viennese bedroom pictured on this page. But there are still plenty of people who like four-posters with their high head boards, canopies and testers.

# BEDROOMS *and* BEDS

## A Selection of New Treatments for the Room in which We Spend a Third of Our Lives

**THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL**

# TRANSATLANTIC :

The Beauty of the United States and Canada and the Great and Varied Attractions Offered by the North American Continent

Described by GEOFFREY D'EGVILLE

We have inherited from our grandfathers a fixed, but erroneous, idea that the Atlantic presents an insurmountable barrier to holiday-making on the North American continent. Actually, such a holiday is within the reach of most people accustomed to holidaying abroad, both in cost and in time.

Both Canada and the United States are within comfortable reach of the "One-month man or woman." In fact, he or she can visit the chief Eastern Canadian cities and New York, and be back in England within twenty-one days of starting. Those more leisured ones, to whom time and expense are of less consequence, can answer the call of the Western mountain playgrounds and the Pacific coast in both countries, and return to England within two months.

I notice that one enterprising steamship company is making much play out of the fact that its latest 40,000-ton liner will be in "open sea" for only three days. To those squeamish souls—I pity them—to whom the sea voyage is not part and parcel of every holiday, this will be a great advantage.

Between five and six days from leaving a home port, the frowning citadel of Quebec will rise before him. Quebec is one of the most interesting cities in the New World. Its steep streets and calèche carriages, its historical associations with early struggles between the French and English, and the customs and traditions of its people, are a satisfying study even to the most confirmed European.

Of even greater interest than Quebec City itself is the village life in Quebec Province. I remember in September, 1914, before the departure of the 1st Canadian Contingent for England, marching through scores of Quebec villages, typically French, and many of them dominated by a monastery, perched on a hill. How familiar this scene became, months later, when marching across the plains of Flanders!

The life of the French *habitant* in these villages in many respects differs very little from that of a century ago. True, he has his wireless, and perhaps his car. But even the shrill voice of the lady who broadcasts "bed-time stories" across the land has not stilled the tongue of the village *raconteur*, who still has his following. To an enthralled audience he tells his stories and legends—a curious combination of Indian superstition and French belief—of the days before the English came.

In sharp contrast to these peaceful villages, we find Montreal and Toronto, whose intense modernity fires our imagination. A thousand miles inland, Montreal is a unique port, and, being the commercial centre of Canada, has the air of a metropolis. Being 60 per cent. French, and always offering certain attractions to American visitors, who may arrive overnight from New York, it is distinctly cosmopolitan.

Ottawa, the stately capital of the Dominion, should not be missed, but to those travelling from Montreal to Toronto there is an interesting alternative route to rail. Those who can resist the temptation of a *chambrette*—a kind of miniature ship's cabin—on some of the night trains, may take the water route up the St. Lawrence into Lake Ontario, and so to Toronto.

Two years ago I followed this route, which takes one through the glorious "1,000 Islands," with their striking modern mansions, and also we call at places whose names ring familiarly in the ears of those of us who did not skip the disgraceful pages in our history relating to the American War.

One almost wonders in travelling through Canadian border cities and the serene villages of the New England States what it was all about. One asks why was George III not "bumped-off" by some contemporary Al Capone, and so saved this smiling land the scars of war and bitter memories.

Toronto is an ultra-modern city, whose lake-shore sky-line grows more impressive year by year, and from here it is only a step across Lake Ontario to Niagara Falls, and only a night's run to New York.

To plan a holiday for every taste and every pocket is far beyond the scope of these notes. I might mention, however, that the one-month man's or woman's pocket book need not suffer to the extent of more than £65 for a trip including both ocean voyages, and visiting the principal Eastern Canadian cities, Niagara Falls, and New York. This is a twenty-one-day tour and the price is "all found."

By extending the time to a month, Washington, Philadelphia, and Boston could be reached, but this would be "doing America" rather on the lines on which we accuse Americans of "doing" England. To those having the extra few days to spare, after seeing the Eastern Canadian cities, a train journey from Niagara to Albany, New York State, will enable them to join a steamer and make the charming journey down the Hudson to New York. Alternatively, a motor tour through the New England States, taking in Boston, would be a delightful way of concluding the trip.

By curtailing the Canadian holiday somewhat, the one-month man may include Chicago, where, despite other doubtful attractions, the best music in America is to be heard, while Detroit may easily be included, and leading American motor works inspected.

We more leisured ones may now turn our faces westward. Let us save a day of the monotonous train ride across the prairies by flying from Winnipeg to Calgary or Edmonton—according to the route we are travelling. If we are archæologists, we will probably head for the Red Deer Valley, and prod the odd limestone formations there in the hope of unearthing the remains of some prehistoric beast, for this was the stamping ground of the brontosaurus.

If we are motorists, we will start from Calgary and head for Banff, in the Rockies, which look only a dozen miles away but are nearer eighty. Those of us who are horsemen may leave Edmonton for Jaspar Park and join a party of trail-riders to some distant camp. Or we may while away the hours in golf, tennis, or canoeing on placid Maligne Lake.

Among us there may be some who will choose a path not so well beaten and join the Arctic Air Mail 'plane at Edmonton, and so down the Athabaska, Slave, and Mackenzie rivers to the land of the Eskimo. It was my great joy last summer to fly some 5,000 miles over this route and to other points in the North-West Territories, and for those not too fastidious over their meals and sleeping places a holiday in this vast, sparsely-settled wilderness is an experience worth while.

In case the word "Arctic" sends chills down your back, let me say that at Aklavik, 250 miles north of the Arctic Circle, summer temperatures up to 90 deg. in the shade are quite common. To avoid "Bulldog" flies and mosquitoes, the months of August and September are preferable to June or July.

I can think of no more delightful holiday for the motorist than leaving Calgary for Banff and Lake Louise. Thence the Banff-Windermere highway takes him southward through gorgeous scenery towards the Kootenay Lake country, from where he travels westward to Vancouver, a total distance of 800 miles. The roads are now good, the scenery indescribably beautiful, and the angler (who has armed himself with a heavier rod than he uses at home) will find most British Columbian waters teaming with trout.

The Pacific coast has always charmed me more than any other part of the Dominion. Vancouver Island, whose coastline runs parallel with that of the mainland for hundreds of miles, is particularly beautiful. Along the 1,000 miles of sheltered waters known as the "Inside Passage," from Vancouver to Alaskan ports, luxurious passenger steamers now ply, and a week or more is well spent on this magnificent voyage in the wake of the midnight sun.

Southward bound, one has the choice not only of rail or sea to California, as the Pacific highway runs from Vancouver through Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, to San Diego, near the Mexican border.

San Francisco is the most interesting of the large cities on the Pacific coast.

Lingering in a Californian orange grove, drinking in the mellow beauty of an old Franciscan monastery, you may ask yourself where you may spend a week and form a lasting impression of your stay in California.

I think the answer to the question is first to see your Los Angeles and Hollywood and anything else your guide-book impresses on you as being necessary. Then, casting your eye down the map of the California coast, you may chance on a name that seems to beckon to you, a name which savours of Old Spain, which carries the mingled scents of orange groves and the sea. I hope you will choose Santa Barbara. It is a gem.

You will now want to return home across the States. There are many routes. You may cross the Californian desert, skirt the northern frontier of Mexico to New Orleans, thence to Florida and northward. If the weather is hot—and it usually is—you will more wisely travel by one of the northerly routes, making possible a stop-over to visit the Grand Cañon of Colorado or the Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming.

As in Canada, rail travel in America is a revelation to the newcomer. Providing in every way more spacious trains than we are accustomed to, the railway companies proceed to pamper us in every possible way. One need never be at a loss to fill up one's time, as since parlour cars have been equipped with wireless, libraries, baths, and barber shops, one hardly has time in which to get through the daily round between meals and at the same time keep an eye on the scenery.

Those who have booked a double passage by the St. Lawrence route will find excellent through trains from nearly all points in the United States to Montreal and Quebec.

*THE WATER FRONT OF CHICAGO: In the foreground is the Illinois Naval Reserve Academy, with lofty sky-scrapers at the rear.* On left *A MOMENT IN OLD QUEBEC: An ancient mill near Vercheres.* On right—*A SPORTSMAN OF THE ROCKIES: One of the most famous of American fly-fishers, in Glacier National Park, Montana.* Below *CANADIAN BEAUTY: A vision of ponies by Lake Louise, Alberta*

**"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU**

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, resorts, etc., by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, Inveresk House Strand, London, W.C.2

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But even more, its hidden merit—those qualities which only actual ownership through the years can reveal—sets a standard of values approached only by cars in a higher price class . . . in particular, its engineering excellence, its unflagging performance, its long lasting wear summed up by the words *outstanding dependability.*

Investigate this car—see it, examine it feature by feature, try it on the road—compare it in appearance, performance and equipment with any car in the £500 class. You then will be convinced that only Austin has succeeded in producing such a car at such a price. And the fact is, that no firm but Austin could.

*The Sixteen Burnham Saloon (as Illustrated)*

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*(At Works)*

*Upholstered in leather, furniture hide or moquette. Equipment includes: Triplex glass, chromium finish, Dunlop tyres. Salisbury Fabric Saloon (6 window) £335. Beaconsfield Fabric Saloon (4 window) £335. New Open Road Tourer £310. Harrow 2-Seater £310 Sunshine Roof £10 extra.*

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PROGRESS

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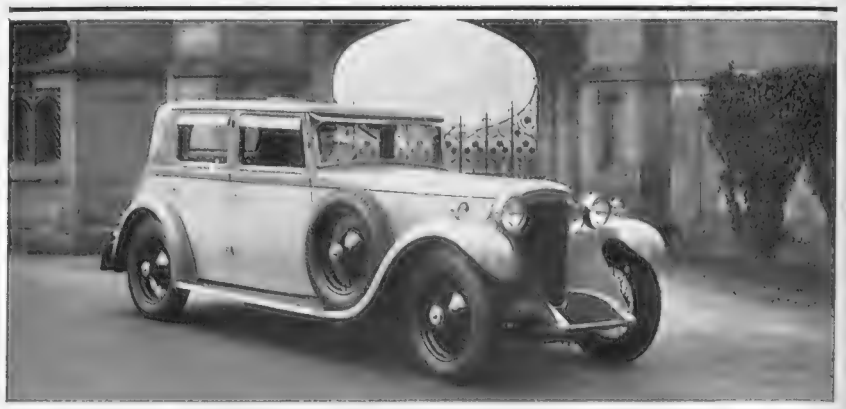

**"THE KING DELIGHTETH TO HONOUR——":** The Daimler 20–30-h.p. Sports Saloon. This car has been built to the special order of H.M. the King of Siam, and incorporates the famous Daimler fluid flywheel and self-changing gear. The coach-work by Arthur Mulliner, Ltd., has been expressly produced to meet His Majesty's requirements

# The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

*(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")*

A *FEW WORDS OF ADVICE.*—Easter is usually lucky in the way of weather, and if this year is no exception in this respect we shall see the biggest crowd of cars on the road since the new year commenced. When traffic is congested over long stretches the temper of drivers is apt to become ruffled. Impatience such as congested conditions create very often ends in totally unnecessary accidents. It is, therefore, opportune to request everyone who uses the road, particularly during the Easter holidays, to be considerate, patient and skilful. Where possible main roads should be avoided, even if the alternative route is some miles longer as the time taken from start to destination will even, with this disadvantage, be shorter. Perhaps the greatest evil which makes itself apparent at this and at other holiday periods is the practice of cutting in. Danger usually lurks ahead unless, when pulling out to overtake traffic, the driver knows exactly where he is going to rejoin the "stream" he has left.

Let me also ask drivers of cars not to leave their vehicles by the roadside except on a straight and wide stretch. At night time care should also be taken that when the car is standing still it is on the correct side of the road. Where this is not done the front and rear lights at night time are a source of confusion to other road users. When we read our papers on the Tuesday morning we shall doubtless be told of many road accidents. Some of these are unavoidable, but on the other hand many will not occur if the few words I have said on the matter are taken to heart.

*THE OFFENDING TAXICAB.*—The Minister of Transport appears to be getting into a "flat spin" over London traffic. First of all he was going to prohibit motor coaches in the Central London area, and now he has abandoned that plan. Everyone will agree that he or someone should get busy and make the traffic stream of London flow more freely. Many suggestions could be put forward even at a moment's notice, but what surprises many of us is that Mr. Morrison does not issue regulations dealing with some of the abuses to which London streets are subjected. For instance, why should taxicabs be permitted to hold up traffic in both directions whilst they proceed to turn round either in one sweep or by going backwards and forwards? It would not be a great hardship on them or on the people who hire them if they had to make a circular route by means of the various side streets when they wish to turn round; neither would object to them turning at proper places such as Piccadilly Circus, Hyde Park Corner, Trafalgar Square, etc., because in so doing they would not interfere with other traffic. Then again the plague of the crawling taxicab appears to be worse than ever it was. This evil should be definitely stopped, and our new motor police should find no difficulty in seeing that any new such regulation is observed.

*THE WONDER CAR.*—Captain Sir Malcolm Campbell is shortly to take delivery of a Rolls-Royce "Phantom II" continental touring saloon in which many unique features have been incorporated at the special request of Sir Malcolm himself. One innovation is the provision of stone-guards underneath the wings to prevent damage to the paintwork from flying stones. These stone-guards are extended underneath the chassis in order to conceal such details as the silencer. Narrow strips of chromium plated steel give a new and highly decorative effect to the front apron covering the axle, the springs, the dumb-irons, and so forth. The sides of the bonnet are extended below the chassis frame to conform to the lines of the body, this giving an impression of low build and depth. The wire wheels with which the car is fitted are made entirely of stainless steel. Sir Malcolm is himself installing a wireless set.

The body is a metal-panelled Weymann saloon with a sliding roof and flared wings. The coloured scheme is blue, with black wings, black roof, and black horizontal moulding. The blue chosen is of a peculiar shade which Sir Malcolm has specified on all his Rolls-Royce cars and which has now come to be known as "Campbell blue."

**FROM LONDON TO THE CAPE:** One of the Riley "Flotor-cars," which will be used by Captain Geoffrey Malins on his expedition from London to Capetown, undergoing tests on the River Severn. The inflated floats, which can be fitted on in an hour, will be used to haul the cars across the many streams and rivers on the route

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Visit the mighty city of New York, with its skyscrapers towering into the heavens . . . See the Ghetto, Chinatown, Wall Street, Bowery, Broadway . . . Hear real "American" and experience the "hustle" of the New World! New York is included in several inexpensive Canadian Pacific Tours to Canada and U.S.A. this Summer, as well as Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto & Niagara Falls.

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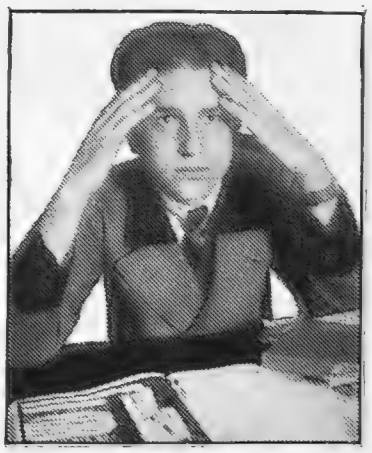

*Mr. Martin Goldhardt.*

Mr. Martin Goldhardt writes: "My own success with the Knowles System justifies my belief that it does more for the advancement of people than any other existing method." The book, which is being distributed broadcast free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of 10,000 copies is being conducted by a large Brussels Institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested.

In addition to supplying the book free, each person who writes at once will also receive a psycho-analysis character delineation of from 400 to 500 words as prepared by Prof. Knowles. If you wish a copy of Prof. Knowles' book and a Character Delineation, simply copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

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Please read my character,
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When all is hushed the odour of fairy wattle and a thousand forest scents fills the fast descending night. You, too, will sense the slow pulse of the old Australia beating out its ageless rhythm across the centuries . . and stand enraptured and enthralled.. Then home again, under the moon, by by-roads and high-roads, to the Australia of to-day . . . the Australia of great cities, modern buildings, parks, express trains and fine hotels . . . this 1931 world of ours.

When wanderlust next bids you search out new horizons . . . come to Australia!

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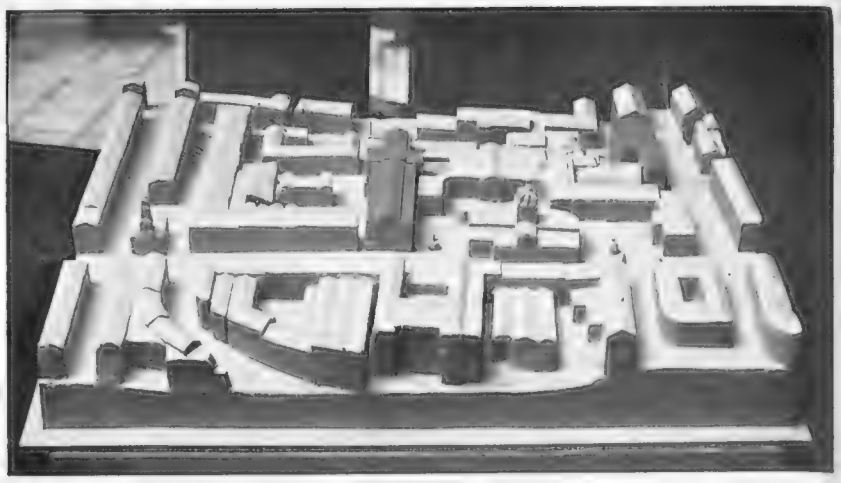


PROPOSED SITES: A plan in relief of Edinburgh centring round St. Giles's Cathedral. The two proposed sites are blocked in dark

# SCOTLAND'S NATIONAL LIBRARY

## Where Shall It Be Placed?

***Scotland, in Common with England, has a Copyright Library: One Copy of Every Book Printed is Sent to the British Museum and Another to the National Library in Edinburgh***

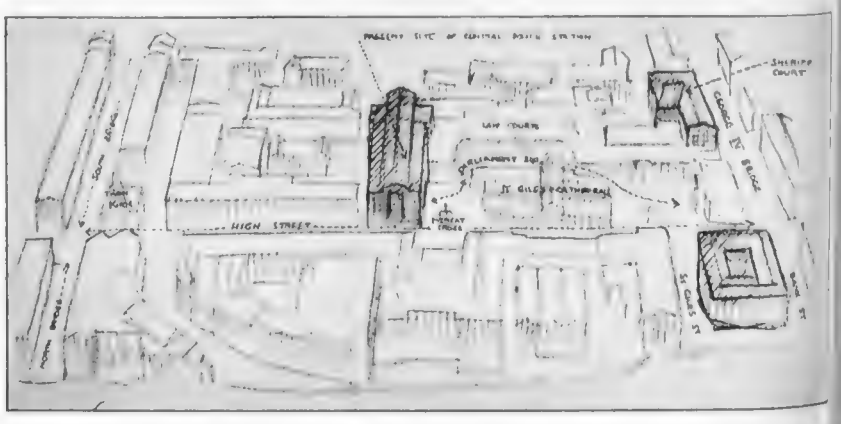
The Scottish National Library by the side of and below George IV Bridge, Edinburgh is, as it stands, still much the same as the Advocate's Library from which it originated in 1925. This venerable copyright library, of great value n quality and quantity, was inadequately housed, and although the Advocates would have preferred to rearrange their library on up-to-date lines, their financial resources would only permit of very limited modern development. On becoming the property of the Scottish Nation in 1925, the Government agreed to provide fresh accommodation, and Sir Alexander Grant very generously offered £100,000 towards the cost of the new building which, it is hoped, will shortly be erected.

There are still, however, severe restrictions on the development of the library, and it is about these that the present controversy has arisen. Both architect and librarians have grave misgivings as to the possibilities of the trustees' site contiguous to the Advocate's Library, surrounded as it is by high and permanent legal buildings and lying 50 ft. below the main road level, and a large number of Scottish M.P.'s, backed by a considerable volume of informed lay opinion, feel that a short technical inquiry might well confirm the opinion of experts that the official scheme for extending the existing premises on George IV Bridge is unlikely to give Scotland as good a library with possibilities of proper expansion as soon as could be built elsewhere. And that, in addition, the trustees could get better value for their money on another and less restricted site which has been suggested to them by architects. This site faces both St. Giles's Cathedral and the High Street, and undoubtedly holds far greater possibilities for the development of such an institution than that at present proposed officially, where it is necessary to spend at least £150,000 and probably more on the demolition and replacement elsewhere of the Sheriff Court House in order to provide space for the new library building, and make it contiguous to the existing second-rate storage of the old Advocate Library.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE: The proposed site for the extension of the National Library with a portion of the present library in the background

This proposal has been strongly deprecated by the Library Association of Great Britain, and Parliament will probably have to decide whether the public, backed by architects and librarians, or the trustees, are right to have their way.

ROBERT HURD.




WHERE TO PUT IT: A street plan showing the two proposed sites for the new extension to the National Library, and the buildings that are occupying them now

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# NOTES and NEWS

## SWEEPSTAKE IN MADEIRA

Sweepstakes have been much in the public mind of late, and the newspapers have been very full of complaints that the hospitals of Britain have not the same opportunities to benefit from lotteries of one sort or another as do similar institutions abroad. The gratifying news comes to hand that the British Country Club in Funchal, Madeira, is running a "mutual subscription fund"—the correct style and title for a sweepstake—of considerable proportions on the Derby. On the basis of £200,000 being subscribed, the winner will receive £50,000, the second prize is £20,000, the third £10,000, and the fourth £5,000. A sum of £30,000 will be divided amongst the drawers of other horses nominated as per Ruff's Guide. Twenty-five consolation prizes of £500 each, fifty of £250 each, and one hundred of £100 each will also be awarded. Nine per cent. of the total money subscribed will be paid to British hospitals, and one per cent. to Madeira charitable institutions. Vouchers are sold at £1 each, and any subscriber of £10 will receive a book of twelve vouchers.

## MAINLY OPTICAL

Messrs. W. Watson and Sons, Ltd., of High Holborn, have just published a catalogue of great interest not only to those who have defective vision but also to those who would enhance ordinary human vision. There is a powerful pocket telescope and an ingenious device which will magnify objects either at a distance or near at hand—a telescope and magnifier in one. Another fascinating gadget is a window telescope—a large lens hung in the window and so constructed that persons in the room may obtain a magnified view of objects outside—a great convenience if the dull are coming to call; a great joy if the birds are circling in the garden or Abe Mitchell is putting on the Club House green. In addition, bi-focal and tri-focal lenses and binoculars are illustrated.

## FIRST GRADE MOTOR SPIRIT

The feeling still persists amongst motorists that the term No. 1, as applied to motor spirit, is an indication of first grade quality. It is not. So far as quality is concerned it is meaningless, and it was to prevent motorists from being misled on this point that some years ago the big petrol companies decided to drop the use of the term and designate their various grades of spirit by brand names.

**A WINNING ENTRY at the Bataille de Fleurs at Menton entered by Hôtel Britannia**

**THE SCENE OF A GREAT CHARITABLE SWEEPSTAKE: The tennis courts set in gorgeous and tropical surroundings at the British Country Club in Funchal, Madeira**

These brands are well known to the public. They are advertised extensively and are universally available. They are indeed the only guarantee the motorist has of obtaining good first grade motor spirit of consistent quality, no matter where he draws his supplies.

## ROLLS-ROYCE

The Directors of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., at their Meeting to-day decided to recommend at the Annual Meeting at Derby, on April 17th, 1931, that a dividend be paid at the rate of eight per cent. per annum together with a bonus at the rate of two per cent per annum for the twelve months ended December 31st, 1930, to be due and payable on April 17th, 1931.

The profits for the twelve months ended December 31st, 1930, were £147,170 16s. 10d. The last accounts were for a period of fourteen months.

## AN EARLY BRITISH LINK

The Early British (c. 100 B.C.) Bronze, belt-connecting link found by Dr. W. Eustace of Crossbush, Arundel, Sussex, on the Duke of Norfolk's estate, in October, 1922, and figured and described in THE SPHERE, has been presented to the British Museum by the Duke. It so far as is known, there is only one other specimen in existence, viz., that found some years ago at Letchworth, and now in the Letchworth Garden City Museum. The Arundel Link is in perfect preservation, and the mistletoe leaves embossed on it are of special interest.

## THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship have for eighty-eight years been continuously removing young children from desolation and all that this means, to loving care with good education in delightful homes. Every child helped means one more good English citizen. The Society makes a special appeal this Easter for gifts to assist them in their work. All gifts will be gratefully received by The General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

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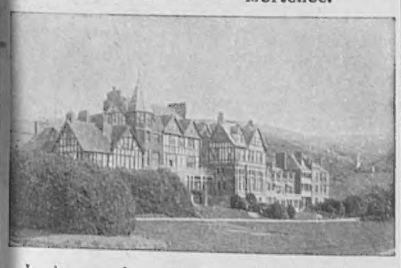

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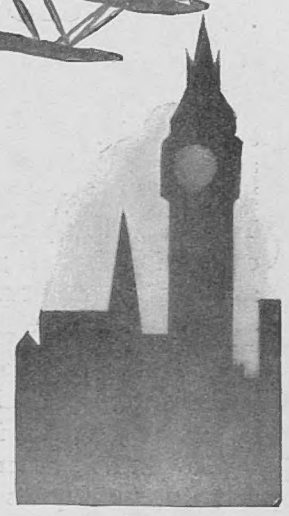

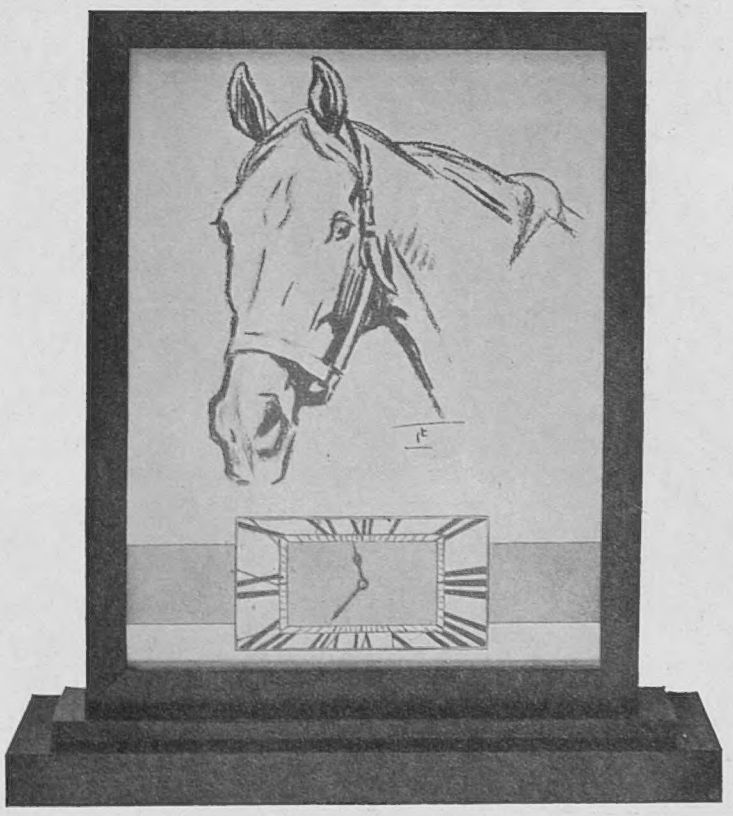

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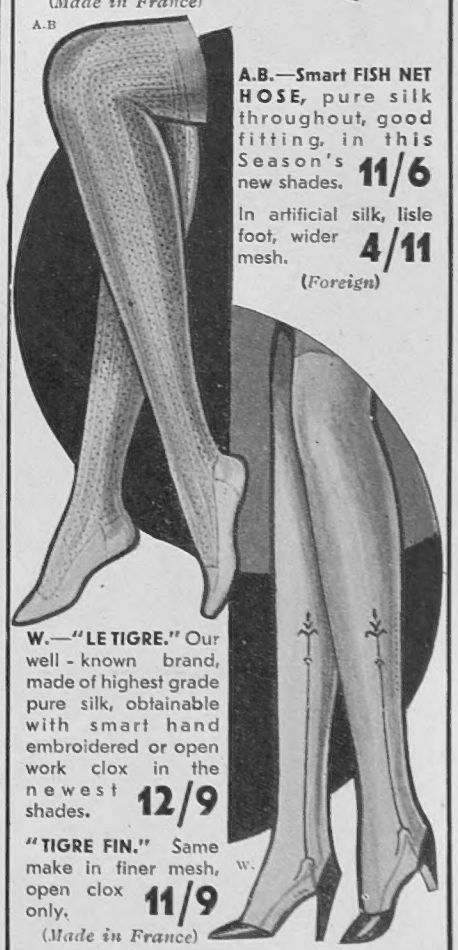


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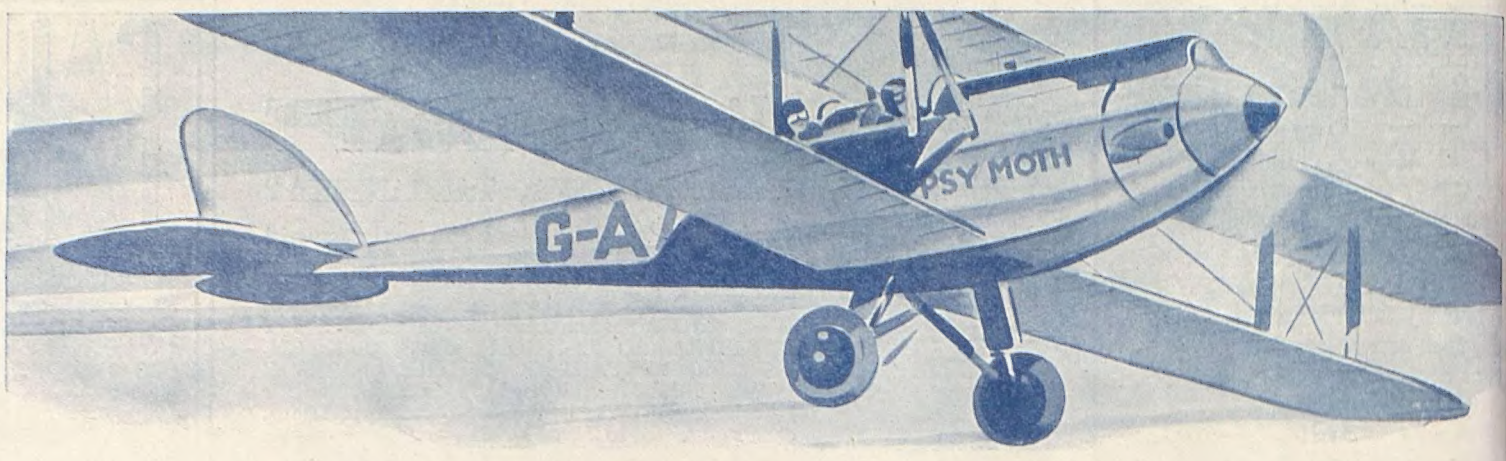


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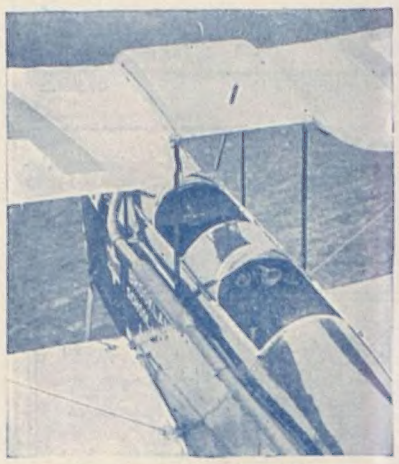
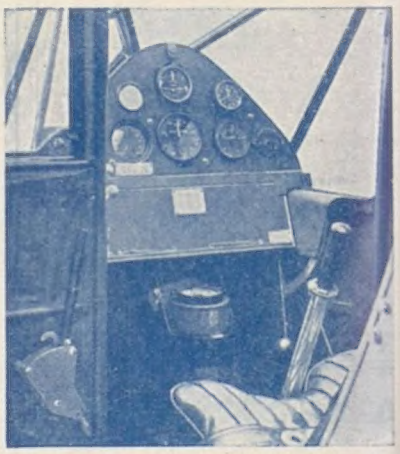
## THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME FOR TATLER READERS

In the case of the most promising pupils—of which you may well be one—The TATLER will award scholarships, and undertake (subject to certain conditions) to pay the entire cost of instruction in order to qualify for the Air Ministry "A" Licence. The full details of this scheme, the biggest attempt yet made to popularise civil flying, will be announced in The TATLER issue of April 15th. Make sure now that you secure your copy. If you are not a regular subscriber, place an order with your newsagent to-day. We expect an unprecedented demand for this issue.



*The cockpit of an instructional 'plane. By courtesy of Brooklands School of Flying Limited.*



*The last word! The cabin of a D.H. Puss Moth—2-3 Seater de luxe high speed tourer. Photograph courtesy "Flight."*

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Bristol & Wessex Aeroplane Club,
Whitchurch Aerodrome,
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Brooklands School of Flying,
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De Havilland School of Flying,
Hatfield,
Herts.

Haldon School of Flying,
Haldon Aerodrome,
Teignmouth.

Hampshire Aeroplane Club,
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Southampton.

The Hanworth Club,
London Air Park,
Feltham.

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Hull Municipal Aerodrome,
Hedon, Yorks.

Lancashire Aero Club,
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Liverpool & District Aero Club,
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Cramlington Aerodrome,
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Norfolk & Norwich Aero Club,
Mousehold Aerodrome,
Norwich.

Northamptonshire Aero Club,
Sywell Aerodrome,
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Nottingham Flying Club,
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Royal Aircraft Estabmt. Aero Club,
Farnborough Aerodrome,
Hants.

Sussex Aero Club,
Shoreham Aerodrome.

Yorkshire Aeroplane Club,
Sherburn-in-Elmet,
Near Leeds.

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